

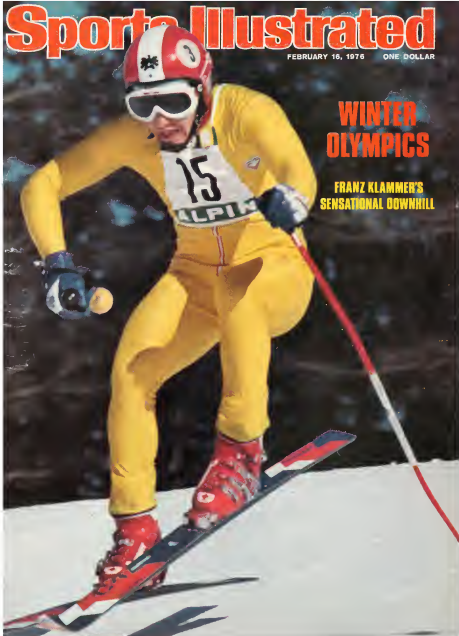
Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 16, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

WINTER OLYMPICS

FRANZ KLAMMER'S
SENSATIONAL DOWNHILL



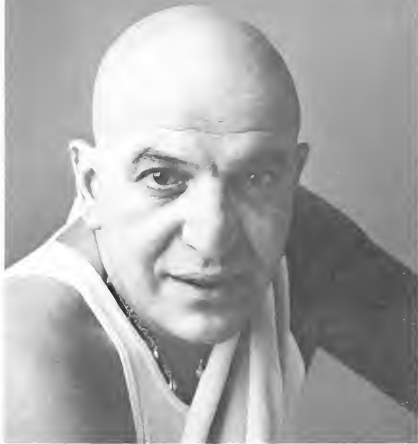


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Next Week

IN INNSBRUCK the Winter Olympics come to a close with a flurry of slalom races and flourishes on the figure-skating rink. Again, William Oscar Johnson and a team of photographers will report.

IN PHILADELPHIA there's a hockey player who looks like an angel but plays like the devil, says Ray Kennedy in a penetrating look at Bobby Clarke, captain of the Stanley Cup champions.

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MusicTalk

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

A COUNTRY SPORT SONG BECOMES A HIT AND OPENS UP APPALLING POSSIBILITIES

With all the sunshine, cheating, drinking, gambling, love troubles, rain, pain, tears, second thoughts and even, from time to time, shooting and prison cropping up in sports over the last 50 years, it's a wonder there haven't been more country songs on sporting themes. Where is the bullpen song, the old-vest-talking-to-his-muscles song, the *I Hit 300 Batters* (The Year I Hit .183) song?

Thank of all the sports phrases that lend themselves to country titles in the area of romance alone: *Things Had a Way of Evenin' Out* (I Told I Spent One Out With You), *You Sure Established Your Running Game*, *Darlin' If Just With Your Meaty Would Pass*, *Winning Is the Only Thing My Heart Won't Let Me Do*, *Desire Is 50'*, of the *Game* (The Other Half's My Wife), *A Tie Is Like Kissing Your Sister* (And I Can't Get United From You) or *They Say That a Tie Is Like Kissing Your Sister* (Well, My Husband Is Deadlocked With Mine), *I Went with the Pack* (But the Pitcher Went Off with My Car), *I'm Home Getting High, Inside* (While You're Somewhere Low and Away).

Both Roy Acuff and Charley Pride started out wanting baseball careers and, among current sports stars, Johnny Bench and Terry Bradshaw, at least, have done some professional country singing. But to my knowledge there had not appeared a single notable country sports song—until the current hit *The Last Game of the Season* (A Blind Man in the Bleachers) written by Stierling Whipple and sung by David Geddes. If you have been listening to your local country station, you have heard this song. The blind man attends all the local high school's games, waiting "to hear his son get in the game."

"But the boy's just not a hero. He's strictly second team. Though he runs each night for touchdowns in his daddy's sweetest dreams."

Then, at halftime of the last game of the season, the boy receives a phone call. In the second half he goes into the game. He plays his heart out. His team is inspired to come from behind and win.

"And when the game was over (The coach asked him to tell) 'What was it he was thinking of. That made him play so well."

"You knew my dad was blind," he said / "Tonight he passed away."

"It's the first time that my father's seen me play."

If that don't choke you up, you ain't never been in the clutch.

END

MI

PUT SOMETHING TO NIBBLE INTO YOUR TACKLE BOX THAT ISN'T FOR THE FISH.

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THE GRAND GESTURE

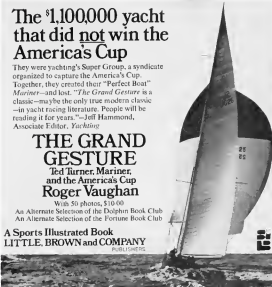
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25
25

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A massive accident.

An emergency ward scrambles as ambulances begin to roll in. Dozens of people have been seriously injured.

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And until recently, this filtering process was a potential for a lethal bottleneck. Caused by as seemingly simple a thing as the casing for the filter element.

The casings were made of stainless steel. Sturdy, unbreakable, but far too expensive to throw away after use, so they had to be cleaned, sterilized and re-used. And sterilization meant several hours of boiling, or long exposure to cobalt radiation.

But when the sudden need arose for immense quantities of blood in a hurry, the hours spent in sterilization became desperately unaffordable.

New casings cut delays.

The solution was found in filter casings made of K-resin, a clear, virtually unbreakable plastic that provided the same vital qualities of durability and asepsis as stainless steel casings, but eliminated delays.

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Disposable filter casings, made possible through the use of a strong clear plastic, save precious time.

casing and filter and unpackage fresh, sterile replacements.

The new casings have even helped hospitals save money, by spending more efficiently.

The valuable time of hospital employees is no longer taken up in the time-consuming handling of the stainless steel casings.

A need creates a solution.

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8:45am	11:45am	Non-stop	Daily		9:45am	10:00am	Non-stop	Daily	
9:45am	12:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		10:45am	12:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
10:45am	1:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		11:45am	1:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
11:45am	2:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		12:45pm	1:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
12:45pm	3:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		1:45pm	2:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
1:45pm	4:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		2:45pm	4:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
2:45pm	5:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		3:45pm	5:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
3:45pm	6:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		4:45pm	6:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
4:45pm	7:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		5:45pm	7:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
5:45pm	8:45pm	Non-stop	Daily		6:45pm	8:00pm	Non-stop	Daily	
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AT THE OLYMPICS

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

AMATEUR FUTURE

The report by the President's Commission on Olympic Sports, released this week, is an earnest attempt to bring some sense to the tangled, self-defeating world of amateur sport in America. Boiled down, the 126 pages of written matter say that no other country of importance runs its amateur sports in the chaotic, anarchic, fratricidal way the U.S. does, that something should be done about it and that the way to begin is to establish a "highest sports authority" to act as the ultimate ruling body.

Beyond that, the commission makes no specific recommendations. It stresses that this is a first report to the President, and that more definite conclusions and recommendations will be contained in its second report next September. It gently castigates the U.S. Olympic Committee, the AAU and the NCAA, the current (and often warning) top governing bodies, and strongly implies that the "highest sports authority" should take precedence over these groups.

The report points out that one of the factors contributing to the amateur confusion in the U.S. is the major role that schools and colleges play in sport, a situation seldom found elsewhere in the world. The commission makes it clear that the amateur mess is a mess and that untangling it will not be easy. But its clear-eyed approach to the problem is most welcome, and we trust the report will receive the attention it deserves, from the White House and elsewhere.

VERY BIG TEN

You can argue all day about which college conference plays the best football, but there is little doubt as to which conference attracts the biggest crowds. Statistics released by the NCAA show that attendance at Big Ten games last season averaged 59,658. The Big Eight averaged 53,054, the Southeastern Conference 50,962, the Pacific Eight 38,813, Southwest 38,032, Atlantic Coast 35,420 and

Western Athletic 26,281. There were seven Big Ten teams in the top 20, six South-eastern schools, three Big Eight. Notre Dame and Penn State, 13th and 15th, were the only independents.

Michigan, with an average home attendance of 98,449, was No. 1 in the country, with Ohio State (87,856) second. When the two met on Nov. 22, they drew 105,543, largest regular-season crowd in the 28 years the NCAA has kept records.

FIGHT, TEAM, FIGHT

The Philadelphia Flyers' reputation for roughness on ice is hitting home. As a local TV sportscaster gave details on a brawl between the Flyers and the Atlanta Flames, the film clip showed a scene from the Angola civil war.

OUR WINE HAS SOUR GRAPES

CBS-TV, which lost the Kentucky Derby to ABC last year, has now retreated from the Preakness as well, leaving the second of the Triple Crown races in ABC's hands, too. CBS sports head Robert Wussler, announcing that the 1976 Preakness would be the last telecast by CBS, said, "There are some sports events worth losing money on—prestigious events like the Kentucky Derby, the Rose Bowl, the Masters, the Super Bowl and Forest Hills—that have an intrinsic value to the network. I do not count the Preakness among them."

Chuck Lang, general manager of Pimlico, has a different explanation for the change in networks. He says ABC outbid CBS and has signed a five-year contract with Pimlico for about twice what CBS has been paying.

"I guess Wussler just felt badly about losing the Preakness," Lang says. "I hated to see him make such a statement about our race, because Pimlico had developed a close relationship with CBS. After the last Preakness, Wussler told me that racing had turned the corner and that our ratings were just tremendous. He

said CBS was so pleased that it was planning to expand its racing coverage and do 20 races a year."

PLANNED OBSOLESCENCE

Rick Talley of the *Chicago Tribune* has offered a plan to save baseball, complete with realignment of leagues, new expansion teams, unified umpiring staffs, interleague play and so on. It seems a logical plan, if not terribly original, but its greatest appeal lies in Talley's final argument. If you don't like this one, he says, there is an alternate plan you might prefer. The alternate includes the following provisions:

- One league of 12 teams trying to expand to either 13 or 14, with the other league staying at 12.
- Umpires in one league calling low pitches strikes, while umpires on the other call the same pitches balls.
- One league opting for interleague play, the other refusing.
- Pitchers hitting for themselves in one league, with designated hitters taking their places in the other.
- A commissioner ostensibly in absolute command of the game, who is not able to control or direct the leagues, the teams or the players.

Not to mention lawsuits, counter lawsuits, appeals, the possibility of a lock-out during spring training, the possibility of a players' strike. Say, Rick, tell us more about that plan of yours.

DIRECT FROM RINGSIDE

Edward F. Murphy, a schoolteacher in New York City, likes to sift through Shakespeare (or, for that matter, any other source) for appropriate quotes on modern subjects. Here is Murphy's report on what the Bard has to say about the upcoming title fight between Ali and Cooperman:

"I will challenge him." *Much Ado About Nothing*.

"I dare you to this match." *Cymbeline*.

"Weigh him well. . . ." *Twelfth Night* and *Cressida*.

"There's some among you who have beheld me fighting." *Coriolanus*.

"I will beat thee into handsomeness." *Twelfth Night* and *Cressida*.

"I will not answer thee with words, but blows." *Henry VI (Part I)*.

"Sure this robe of mine does change my disposition." *The Winter's Tale*.

"... I'll hit him now." *Hamlet*.

continued

"What a blow was there given!" *The Tempest*.

"Take thee that too." *Macbeth*.

"Yield thy . . . title to my certain right." *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"Thou dost me yet but little hurt." *The Tempest*.

"O . . . to hit him in the eye!" *Twelfth Night*.

"Methinks his flesh is punished." *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

"Hold me not, let me go." *Romeo and Juliet*.

"I'll so maul you . . . that you shall think the devil is come from hell." *King John*.

"There's blood upon thy face." *Macbeth*.

"Silence that dreadful bell. . . ." *Othello*.

"Sprawl'st thou?" *Henry VI (Part III)*.

"Here comes the count." *Twelfth Night*.

"Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down." *Henry IV (Part I)*.

"I . . . claim the crown. . . ." *Henry VI (Part II)*.

Blame Shakespeare for that upset prediction, not Murphy.

OUTWARD SOUND

The complaints voiced by Chicago Bear fans about their team's inability to come up with good football players (SCORECARD, Feb. 2) is echoed by New York Ranger fans protesting their club's somewhat different talent—getting rid of good hockey players. Ex-Rangers are all around the league—Derek Sanderson of the St. Louis Blues, Vic Hadfield of the Pittsburgh Penguins, Curt Bennett of the Atlanta Flames, Andre Dupont of the Philadelphia Flyers, Don Lucie and Jim Lorentz of the Buffalo Sabres, to cite a few—and the Los Angeles Kings, with eight former New Yorkers, are top-heavy with them. The Rangers have little except their last-place position in the Patrick Division to show for the transactions that sent these players away.

The Rangers don't trade well, the fans moan. Early this season they all but gave away their two veteran goalies, Eddie Giacomin and Gilles Villemure. They saved the Boston Bruins, who would have been badly handicapped with Bobby Orr sidelined with knee surgery, by sending Boston Brad Park, one of the best defenders in the league, and playmaker Jean Ratelle in the disappoint-

ing Phil Esposito-Carol Vadnais trade.

"They turned Los Angeles into a contender by giving them all those young players," says Marc Boileau, former Pittsburgh coach.

"They keep all the wrong guys and trade all the right guys," says the Flyers' Dupont. "They trade all the hitters and keep all the guys who won't hit and don't like to be hit."

"They pretty well screwed themselves up," says Vic Hadfield.

FLOYD'S PHILOSOPHY

Law student Floyd Little, an All-American running back at Syracuse before becoming a star with the Denver Broncos, has always been straight arrow, may even a little square in his old-fashioned approach to duty and responsibility. "I got a lot out of the game," said Little, who retired after last season, "more than I put into it. The players are making football sound like an ordinary job, and I think that's a mistake. I played nine years, but if I had to depend on an NFL pension when I'm 65, then I'm in serious trouble. I'm 33 years old, and now that I've retired from football I figure I've got 32 years of hard work ahead of me. I'm not going to wait around for the NFL to take care of me."

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK

Reports out of Great Britain say that soccer, the country's favorite sport, is going broke. That may be too pessimistic an assumption, but the 92 clubs in the four divisions of the English Football League owe more than \$14 million in bank loans and expect to lose about \$20 million in all this year. Attendance at Third and Fourth Division games (the two lower levels of the league) has dropped considerably, and there is talk that financial problems may force these lesser divisions to close up shop. Even such top First Division clubs as Stoke City and Sheffield United are heavily in debt.

Overall attendance has dropped about 36% in the past 25 years. Stadiums are old (the newest was built in 1923) and often in need of repair. Salaries and expenses are soaring. Ticket prices are going up—which does not help attendance—but there are no rich TV contracts to bring in added revenue. There is a great deal of legal betting on football in England, but very little of the money wagered goes to the sport.

The dignified London *Observer*, in reporting on the situation, blames the club owners. "There is evidence," says the *Observer*, "that clubs are managed with all the financial structure of a village bowls association, that they are gravely undercapitalized. . . ."

Suggestions that the successful teams at the top share their wealth with their indigent brethren have not met with heartick approval. "Why should we who are solvent," asks Jack Dennett of Notts County, "help the clubs which have gone barmy? Tell me that. Before long, there'll be more people wanting a rescue than there are rescuers."

CLEAN CUT

Darryl Saulsberry, 6'8" University of Arkansas center, sporting collar-length hair and a long drooping mustache, fouled out of three straight games. Before his next one, against Baylor, he decided to trim his hair and shave his mustache. Saulsberry was called for only two fouls. Two nights later, against Texas Tech, the neat, trim Saulsberry played 40 minutes and was still around at the end of a 93-91 double-overtime victory that knocked Tech out of the Southwest Conference lead.

The haircut? The shave?

"I think they helped," Saulsberry concedes. "I hate to say it, but I guess the hair did affect the refs."

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Bradley, of the New York Knicks, on Atlanta Hawk John Drew's idea of making a movie of his own life: "Only one 20-year-old was ever worth making a movie about. That was Mozart."
- Tex Schramm, Dallas Cowboy general manager, explaining why the Cowboys still have Don Meredith on their reserve list: "You never know when Meredith might have a bad year on TV."
- Chi Chi Rodriguez, Puerto Rican golf pro, on his accent: "After all these years it's still embarrassing for me to play on the American golf tour. Like the time I asked my caddy for a sand wedge and he comes back 10 minutes later with a hum on rye."
- Frank (Pancho) Martin, leading trainer at New York's thoroughbred tracks, on whether or not he has sentimental feelings for the horses he trains: "Sentiment is for your family. Horses is a business, not sentiment."

END

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ON CAME THE HEROES

In Winter Games of human size, pride spurred an Austrian and a Vermontar to superhuman efforts—and a good Detroit skate to a garland of medals

by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

As the 12th Winter Olympiad opened in Innsbruck last week, the Games seemed truly reduced to human size for the first time in many years. Gone was the previous aura of monumental ceremony that seemed designed more for popes and angels than mere men. In part, this was because of a mild air of ennui that wafted over the second Olympics to be held in the valley of the Inn River in 12 years. There were empty seats at most events. There was a remarkable lack of traffic jams. And the soldiers and police, though heavily armed, seemed to grow more relaxed as the week went on.

At one point the local daily gossiped breathlessly that President Gerald Ford had slipped into town and was attending the events in disguise. It was not so; the nearest thing to a presidential-style public appearance last week was made by the mayor of Innsbruck, jolly, ruddy Dr. Alois Luggner. One day he climbed into a four-man bobsled for a ceremonial ride down the bob-luge run in the hillside community of Igls. Settled into place, he unbuckled his trousers to ease his ample belly. He completed the hair-raising ride and then rose triumphantly from the sled, his arms aloft—only to

have his pants fall down to half-mast.

Still, if the Games were memorable because of their mortal dimensions, some of the performances notably were not. Indeed, three approached the heroic. First, an Austrian farmboy performed the expected with such flair and daring that men will talk of his feat for years. Then a Vermont farmboy did the unexpected with a performance so surprising that some people called it the greatest American Olympic upset in history. And then a cheery young lady from Detroit accomplished both the expected and unexpected and won three medals.

Few athletes will ever face the pressure that came to bear on Franz Klammer, 22, the world's premier downhill racer. Klammer carried the weight of a nation on his shoulders when he crouched in the starting hut at the top of the course that plunges down the face of Patscherkofel above Innsbruck. A crowd of 60,000 carpeted the mountainside to watch the race in which the man they call the Astronaut had to win a gold medal in order to uphold Austria's position as the world capital of skiing—to say nothing of his own pride as a downhiller. Only a gold would do; a silver would mean disgrace.

Naturally, it was Klammer's own excellence that had put him in this terrible bind. Last season he had been amazing on the World Cup circuit, winning eight consecutive downhill races and dominating the event as no man had before—not Toni Sailer, not Jean-Claude Killy, not Karl Schranz. This year, Klammer had started slowly, then hit his stride to win four races. All this had made him one of the highest-paid amateur skiers in the world, earning perhaps in excess of \$150,000 a year from equipment manufacturers. It was a far economic cry from his childhood in the village of Mooswald, where he grew up mowing hay and milking cows by hand. One of the first things his family bought when Franz attained affluence was a milking machine. Then they built a hotel with his earnings.

But all the money Klammer had earned and all the races he had won seemed pale compared with the stakes in the balance in the Olympic downhill. Austrians felt that the very fate of their winter tourist industry rested on his winning a gold medal. It has long been demonstrated that the expenditure of millions of dollars hinges on the success of the Austrian ski team. Klammer knew the Patscherkofel course well; he won a downhill there in 1975. Now the run had been changed slightly: a few turns had been flattened out and it was about 10 seconds faster. And the surface was more treacherous as it became increasingly icy—and increasingly rough—during the week before the showdown. By the day of the race, several sections of the course were potholed and corrugated, present-

continued

An extended world awakes to the singular dedication of silver medalist Billy Kohr.





Wonder man Klammer lifts helmet and poles aloft in jubilation after his downhill victory.

OLYMPICS *continued*

ing a murderous washboard quality.

For a downhiller of Klammer's ability, these things seemed to bode no special crisis. Such conditions are common, and the major challenge, as it always is, would be to take the curves, bumps and banging over the ice at 70 mph while still maintaining a low, compact tuck as much of the time as possible. Besides skill and daring, winning depends on the ability to minimize air resistance, to make oneself as clean and bulletlike as possible. The competition is so close—the result is measured in time segments ticking quicker than an eye blink—that any speck of unnecessary resistance that catches the wind might cost a man a race. Thus it was that two days before Klammer's grand test, the makers of his skis,

Fischer, suddenly revealed new "magic" skis on which Klammer would conquer the Olympics. The skis had specially engineered holes poked into their shovels. The theory, it was said, was to further reduce wind resistance by letting air flow through these holes. Well, perhaps the aerodynamics of the downhill made this a possibility, but most people saw the magic ski as a transparent ploy either to psych out Klammer's opponents or to gain Olympian rums of publicity for Fischer. Bernhard Russi, 27, the superb Swiss racer who won the gold medal in 1972, declared coldly, "If I had a ski with a hole in it, I would throw it away."

Whatever the magic properties of the hole, Klammer wore his regular old skis on the day of the race, later allowing that

"the risk was too great and the snow was wrong" for the experiment.

The suspense was maximized—as was the squeeze on Klammer—when he drew starting spot No. 15, last man in the top seed. This meant that all of his significant competition would go down before him. Although he is known as a racer of powerful confidence, Klammer does not consider the Patscherkofel his best course. During the opening ceremonies the day before, as he held the Austrian flag next to U.S. flag bearer Cindy Nelson, Klammer whispered to her that he thought either of two Swiss—Philippe Roux or Russi—could beat him. Roux was clocked at 1:46.69; the veteran Russi flashed down in 1:46.06. When Klammer finally stood ready to propel himself out of the starting hut, Russi was the man to beat. Italy's Herbert Plank was second with a 1:46.59.

Klammer burst out of the start like a wild man. He took the first third of the 3,020-meter course in desperate fashion, constantly opening his tuck as he was flung into the air like a flailing rag doll over the jumps, his skis clattering over the jarring ice. He ran the first half of the course in 1:13.24, a dangerous 19/100ths behind Russi. He took still more chances in the next section and slipped even farther behind.

Now Klammer flashed into the last 1,000 meters. Ahead lay the Compression, a jump followed by a dip whose G forces were squeezing the breath out of the racers. Beyond that was a savage turn called Johannesweg that had already sent two men flying into spectacular falls. Klammer nearly went out of control again, almost missing the gate above the Compression. But he miraculously righted himself, dropped into a tuck again and took a tighter line on the course than any skier before him. He picked up split seconds. At Johannesweg he sped down the steep drop, the surface hard and rough as corrugated steel, and wrenched his body into a tremendous turn that seemed as much a product of willpower as of strength. Now he flew over the last jump and streaked down the final schuss for the finish. Klammer is celebrated for his daring, but never had he run a race teetering so consistently on the edge of disaster.

Bernhard Russi was waiting. He had buried his helmeted head in his hands, refusing to watch the blinking electronic timer as Klammer flashed under the finish-line banner. The bellow that rose

from the mountainful of fans told Russi what had happened. Franz Klammer had performed under inhuman pressure and had won by .33 of a second. His reputation, as well as the immediate future of the Austrian tourist industry, seemed quite literally golden. There was talk of changing the name of the mountain from Patscherkofel to Klammerkofel.

A few moments later there was another performance, less widely noted but almost as courageous and impressive. Andy Mill, 22, a friendly young man from Aspen, finished a remarkable sixth despite the fact that he was racing on a right leg so badly bruised that he had been unable to stand without pain the day before. No one suggested naming a mountain after Andy Mill, but it was the best Olympic finish for an American male downhiller in 24 years.

The downhill for women last Sunday was on a far different kind of course, 17 miles out of Innsbruck on a strikingly beautiful mountainside above the tree line in the village of Axamer Lizum. The run was splashed with sunshine and was far softer on top than the Patscherkofel, but icy in lower spots that were shaded.

It was studded with sharp turns but was fairly flat for significant stretches. The favorite was Austrian Brigitte Totschnig, 21, who had become the most consistent force in women's downhill. This was a result, in part, of discussions over the summer with a psychiatrist—the talks had helped ease her fear of skiing fast. She was under almost as much pressure as Klammer—but she could not quite overcome it. She made a series of mistakes at the bottom of the run and finished second. Rosi Mittermaier, 25, of West Germany, won the gold.

The bronze medal was snapped up by Cindy Nelson, 20, of Lutsen, Minn. Nelson had already suffered through nine training runs on the course. She had finished only three of them because of falls or missed gates, and her times were not calculated to stir confidence. But after the race she said, "I figured that I had made all my mistakes before the race and if I just skied well I would win a medal. I really expected to win a medal." Not many others had expected her to: Nelson had skied unevenly through the early stages of the 1975-76 World Cup season. She was so upset by her lack of progress that

she had become something of a recluse.

"I decided not to talk to anyone before the Olympics because all they would do would be to ask me about my bad results, and I didn't want to be reminded of them," she said. "I figured that if I won a medal I'd have something to talk about. And if I didn't, I wouldn't."

Now she had something to talk about. A tiny pair of pink earrings sparkling when she moved, she said, "One of the only positive things I could think of before the race was that I didn't have any pressure on me to win because nobody expected me to do well. I suppose that will be different next time."

Earlier in the week, far across the Inn valley from Axamer Lizum, throngs of sinewy cross-country racers labored through the first Olympic events, running exhausting long distances on courses cut through the woods outside the lovely resort village of Seefeld. The cream of this tough crop has always been European, mostly from the bitter tundras of Scandinavia or the Soviet Union. Never had an American been in remote contention for high reward in international Nordic skiing. The best Olympic finish was 15th

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In a setting of Alpine grandeur, pigtailed Cindy Nelson thrusts out over the downhill course on which she won a prized bronze medal for the U.S.



INSIDE INNSBRUCK WITH SHEILA AND OCH

Some people would have made a scene, but Sheila Young simply picked up her plate and marched it back to the cafeteria-style serving counter in the Olympic Village at Innsbruck. "There's a pebble in here with my vegetables," she said. In fact, she suggested, it was more like a small rock. The Austrian counterwoman didn't understand a word of it but she solved the problem. He scraped the vegetables back into the big serving kettle to be dished up to other Olympians waiting in line. Young shrugged and returned to her steak, unflappable as ever.

After winning her gold medal in the 500, she gently nuzzled her fiancé, Jim Ochowicz, ignoring the crush of people about her. Sheila's father finally got through and, cringing, said, "The kid has a lot of class."

Young had arrived in Innsbruck unfazed at being a heavy favorite, and she stayed that way. She hid her steel beneath a Gidgestoes-to-Hollywood exterior, breezily chatting through her press conferences. "Gosh," she would say. She said "gosh" a lot. "I'll try to skate my best."

Young smuggled Ochowicz into the Olympic Village, wrapping him in a U.S.A. team jacket and marching him in past a gauntlet of machine-gun-packing guards. "I didn't look right or left," he said. "I just walked straight ahead."

Young, who is also a world champion cyclist, had sold her racing bike for \$250 to help finance Ochowicz' trip to Innsbruck, which brought her worldly possessions down to two large woolly dogs. Ochowicz is a bicycle racer, too.

Each night before her races, Young shaved her arms and legs as swimmers do, sharpened her skates and laid out her racing outfit, then slept soundly on the narrow, hard bed in her cramped room at the women's village. Every morning she taped a foam rubber pad over her left foot to protect a strained ligament. At seven in the morning she would meet Ochowicz for a run through the village. "I feel fast today," she would say.

With two medals won and one to go she went with Ochowicz to the Pension Linbeth, where he was staying. As they entered the lobby, the proprietor offered to pop a bottle of champagne. "Not today," said Young. "Tomorrow." That evening she stood on the victory stand in the white sweater and navy pants that are her team's modest dress uniform. Turning to her coach, Peter Schotting, she said, "Why haven't you said anything nice to me yet?"

"I'm waiting for you to congratulate me," said Schotting.

Young's career has been shaped by men, and the fact that all of them were on the scene contributed to her confidence. Her mother died when she was 13, and Clair Young brought up the four children. "Going speed



Giggles and gasps for a medalion of gold

skating went with raising the kids," says Young, who used to be a "run-of-the-mill racer" himself. "I couldn't afford a babysitter, so everybody had to come along."

Sheila met Schotting, a stubborn, red-haired Dutchman, late in 1971 when he was 28 and she 21, an ex-junior champion without goals or ambition. "One year of training with Peter Schotting and you'll be a champion," he said. A little more than a year later she won the world sprint championship. Schotting took a teaching job at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. For two years he and Sheila were close personal friends. Then she broke off the relationship.

Schotting, who continued to coach her, came to be respected as one of the best in the U.S. and was appointed the Olympic coach. The week before the Games he bought skintight electric blue suits for six U.S. racers from a tailor in Davos for \$80 each. A hood covers the head like a bathing cap, and there are loops for the thumbs to keep the sleeves from pulling up. The Swiss press called Young "Frogman Sheila."

Last Saturday, after Young had won her third medal, the bronze in the 1,000 behind teammate Leah Poulos, she remained as cool as ever. "When I looked at the medal on the victory stand last night," she said, "I thought it had the nicest color."

After Innsbruck, she will compete in the women's world championships at Gjøvik, Norway and in the world sprint championships in Berlin. Then she will kick off her skates and have one last go at bicycle racing in the world championships in Sicily this summer, hoping to repeat her performance of 1973 when she was the world sprint champion. At Montreal she will root for her brother Roger, who won a gold medal in cycling at the Pan-Am Games last year, and for Ochowicz. The two hope to make the Olympic four-man 4,000-meter pursuit team. Then Sheila and Och will get married and watch a new U.S. skating crop lace up and race.

—ANITA VEKSHOTCH

at the Lake Placid Games—44 years ago. But last week the unexpected took place in Seefeld: Bill Koch, 20, from Guilford, Vt., won a silver medal in the 30-kilometer race, a brutal test of about 18 miles that ordinarily only the most seasoned veterans finish in good competitive time. That Koch did so well came as a total surprise to even the most knowledgeable cross-country racers. The gold medal went to one Russian, Sergei Savchenko, and the bronze to another, Ivan Garanin, both of whom were mumbling in confusion afterward. They had no idea who this boyish racer might be who had joined them in what one observer called "a delicate sandwich."

Their perplexity was understandable, because until last week Koch had appeared in fewer than 10 world-class senior races and he had run the 30-kilometer event exactly twice. He had competed well as a junior but there was no reason to expect him to rise to the level of Olympic silver at this early stage in his career. Or any American at any stage, for that matter. Koch is an ascetic, given to classic Vermonter answers to obvious questions. A reporter asked him, "Have you lived in Vermont all your life?" Koch replied, "Not yet."

He began Alpine skiing when he was two, ski-jumping when he was six, and every day raced his classmates' bus to school on skis. Asked if the bus always won, Koch replied dryly, "It depended on the snow conditions." He won some trophies as a jumper, then switched full-time to cross-country racing. Koch's commitment to the sport is now almost Buddhist in its intensity. "There is something very spiritual about cross-country skiing," he says. "It really moves me. Sometimes I see it as an art form."

Koch suffers from a disorder usually disastrous for a racer, a malady called exercise-induced asthma. The tiny air sacs in his lungs constrict when he exercises heavily and it is enormously difficult for him to breathe. The ailment first appeared just 18 months ago. There is no cure, but Koch is able to race because of a drug called chromyl sodium. Before he came to Innsbruck, U.S. officials sent a clutch of letters to Olympic bigwigs to determine that there would be no post-race hassles over the drug that might cost him a medal, as happened to swimmer Rick DeMont at Munich in 1972.

If Koch's silver-medal finish was a thunderbolt, for a time the expectations

were even more stunning. At one point he led the field and seemed to have a chance for the gold. But Savtchuk burst ahead and finished 28 seconds in front, the equivalent of a split second in the Alpine downhill. Ironically but logically, Koch finished without fanfare—the more glamorous speed skating and the men's downhill races were going on at about the same time. No reporter from a major American newspaper or magazine was there to see Koch; nor was any camera or commentator from ABC-TV. Koch said philosophically, "They'll be there next time."

And indeed they were when, three days later, he ran the 15-kilometer race, an event he is far more accustomed to than the 30-kilometer. When someone asked Koch if his newfound celebrity was burdensome, he said, "If you win a silver, people always expect a gold next." But there was no gold next. He finished sixth—still better than any other American had done for 44 years.

If Americans have never won in Bill Koch's sport, they almost always do in Sheila Young's. Over the years the U.S. has taken more medals in speed skating than in any other Winter Olympic event. And so it was in Innsbruck. In three straight days Young produced a gold, a silver and a bronze in performances that were almost as filled with the pressure of expected victories as Klammer's. Young holds the world record at 500 meters, and she was heavily favored in the event at Innsbruck. She won it with a magnificently explosive run, clocking an Olympic record 42.76 on what the experts called "slow ice." In the 1,000-meter race Young was one of three favorites. After a strange, skate-flailing start, almost like a race car spinning its wheels, she wound up third by .71 of a second. It turned out that the ice had been too heavily watered a few moments before her start. A splendid earlier run by teammate Leah Poulos, 24, won the silver medal behind Russia's Tatyana Averina.

The bonus medal for Young was the silver in the opening 1,500-meter race last Thursday, an event in which she had rarely done so well. Her coach, Peter Schotting, said, "The 1,500 was a wild-card thing. We have had problems with it in the past because Sheila has such a fast start and she can't pace herself. This time she had a slower opening pace and held up through the last of the race." As for being the competitor with the best med-

al harvest for a time at the Games, Young confided to a friend, "The gold medal is the most important to me. I wouldn't trade four silvers for one gold." On Sunday, Averina pulled ahead with her second gold, in the 3,000. Still, Young had become the most successful U.S. speed skater in the Games since John Shea and Irving Jaffee won two gold medals apiece in 1932.

When Young was formally awarded her gold medal, she wriggled, giggled and blushed with joy. It was a warm and human reaction to a ritual that is often far too sobersided, too fraught with Olympic pomposity. But, then, perhaps Sheila Young was simply being an unwitting symbol of the 12th Winter Olympiad, where people and sport counted for more than pomp and circumstance. **END**

Superb in her slippery suit, "Frogman" Sheila hit her stride for a medal of each metal.



GRIM, BUT THEY'RE BEARING IT

Just when it seemed the Bruins were hibernating, they won two big games to restore hopes for a national title

by BARRY McDERMOTT



McCartner and Coach Bartow knew it was time for the Bruins to stand up and be counted.

It was supposed to be the week UCLA played itself into basketball's Bowery, just another faded hero sprawled among yellowed clippings, sipping from a pint of past glories. Washington, only once beaten and ranked fifth in the nation, would knock the stumbling Bruins into the gutter. But up in the cold Northwest last week the Bruins were riding high again. The Wizard of Westwood may be gone, but UCLA is still the Wicked Witch of the West.

The Bruins stopped their internal buckering, forgot their prayer meetings, canceled Coach Gene Bartow's reservation for the funny farm, mended their guards' ways, got Richard Washington to sweat and decided to straighten up. Along the way they beat two very good teams and silenced a whole lot of reprobate critics.

First UCLA topped Washington 92-87 in Seattle Thursday night. Then the Bruins visited Pullman, Wash. and trampled Washington State 91-71 on Saturday evening. Those two victories, fashioned with exemplary play, left UCLA with a 6-1 conference record and alone in its ac-

customized spot atop the Pac-8 standings, and put a smile on the beleaguered Bartow's haggard face for the first time in months.

Bartow, who took over for the retired John Wooden this season, has had to contend with dissension, innuendo, rebellion and obscene phone calls. UCLA opened the season on Nov. 29 with an embarrassing loss to Indiana, was beaten on the road by Oregon State and Notre Dame and struggled with several flimsy opponents. Three losses is not bad for most teams, but this was UCLA. There were reports that Bartow had lost control over his team. Players supposedly had bags packed to transfer to other schools. A Los Angeles radio station announced that Bartow's phone number was listed, and a spate of calls followed in which the salutation was deep breathing. A friend offered to serve as his bodyguard, and there were jokes that the Bartow family dog, Damon, had hired the German shepherd up the street to taste his food. Bartow described his state as "a frenzy." He picked at his food and lost almost 20 pounds, his appetite with-

ered by anxiety and an upset stomach.

Like Wooden, a man who could not sleep and haunted motel coffee shops when they opened at seven the morning after a road game, Bartow is tightly strung. After coaching at Valparaiso, Memphis State and Illinois, he was not prepared for Hollywood and Vine. He has a penchant for candor and a need to be liked, and both got him into trouble, particularly when he promised three different guards starting berths. After the team discovered that, confidence in him ebbed and the offense began to look like a nest of baby birds all trying to grab the worm. "A lot of guys thought they would play, and when they didn't, they came into the games firing the ball up," says Forward Marques Johnson.

The Bruins had built a reputation of winning with the efficiency of a computer, but at times this season they played as if the plug had been pulled. "It used to be that teams were intimidated when they played against us," says Guard Ray Townsend. "Now they think we've lost our divinity."

After a one-point victory over Stan-

ford in Pauley Pavilion on Jan. 16 a distraught Bartow called a team meeting at a nearby motel where the Bruins stay for home games. "You better get your minds on basketball, or else we are in real trouble," he said grimly. Then he walked out, leaving the players to talk among themselves for 2½ hours.

The Bruins began the season with their starting lineup unsettled, even though four incumbents had returned from last year's championship team. There were three highly regarded freshmen from California—Center David Greenwood and Guards Brad Holland and Roy Hamilton—plus a long list of eager talent that had chafed on the bench under Wooden. Bartow had to get to know his personnel and vice versa (Forward Richard Washington, for example, never had heard of him) while installing his concepts and trying to prepare for Indiana. The result was that nothing got done on time.

In December he settled on sophomore Townsend to start at guard with Andre McCarter, began using excitable Forward Gavin Smith as the team's sixth man and two weeks ago replaced senior Center Ralph Drollinger with Greenwood. Drollinger has shown flashes of brilliance during his career and is the tallest player on the team at 7'1½". He is deeply religious. For his part, Townsend plays with a crucifix stuck in the laces of his shoes and Bartow is called "Clean Gene," partly because of his spiritual ways. But at times Drollinger's mild, meek nature seems misplaced on the basketball floor, and his play has the zest of cold mashed potatoes. "I think God is trying to strengthen my moral fiber," he said when he was benched. Meanwhile, his teammates think their fiber is toughening up with Greenwood hammering the boards. "Ralph was great when he got psyched up," says Marques Johnson, "but other times there was nothing there."

The team's emotional state, plus its guard play, is the subject of endless discussion. Bartow has agonized over what he feels is a lack of intensity. Washington, it is said, plays forward like a piano player practicing scales. In fact, some fans cite the players' clear skin as proof that they are not emotional. "People keep bringing up David Meyers being an emotional player," McCarter said stiffly one day, referring to last year's UCLA All-America. "Just because he has

bumps on his face, they think he looked mean."

Marques Johnson allowed that it might be significant that other teams cut down the nets and have them bronzed when they beat UCLA. In Seattle, Washington was waiting with the scissors. The years have been cruel to the Huskies. They managed to beat the Bruins last year 103-81 for the first time in 13 seasons, and still wound up tied for fifth in the Pac-8. But they approached this game with confidence and a share of the conference lead with UCLA and Oregon State. Nevertheless, Washington Coach Marv Harshman was wary: "I'm half scared, I'm afraid these guys have woken up."

Washington has played good inside defense this year, and against UCLA Harshman wanted to put the pressure on the Bruins' guards. McCarter never has even received honorable mention recognition on the Pac-8 all-conference teams, and most of the season he has been inconsistent. "I'm trying to find out what the coach wants me to do," said McCarter, who for the past few weeks has been dribbling a basketball to class.

The danger of playing on the road with a hostile crowd is that if the home team gets off to a good start, the momentum of the game can overwhelm the opponent, which is what had happened to UCLA at Oregon State. So Bartow squirmed in anguish as Washington came down and scored the first five times it handled the ball, and 12 of the first 14, taking a 24-18 lead.

By then Drollinger and Jimmy Spillane were off the bench to replace Greenwood and McCarter. Spillane began the season as a starter, and earlier in the week he had groused to himself on the sidelines at practice that "I'm not even on this team." But his presence helped immensely against Washington as Bartow went to a 2-1-2 zone that baffled the taller Huskies. Spillane made three steals and a bunch of right decisions before he twisted an ankle in the second half. Many times this season the Bruins' guards arrived at a crossroads and made the choice that sent them to Destruction Gap. Against the Huskies the entire backcourt played remarkably, hitting 11 of 12 shots and never allowing the game to get away after the Bruins took the lead midway in the first half. Even a halftime cheer led by Washington President John Hogness did not help the Huskies. "It looked like the old UCLA tonight," ad-

mitted Huskie Guard Clarence Ramsey.

And while Townsend was at the foul line sinking two free throws with 1:49 to go, word came over the public-address system that Oregon State had been upset by Cal. There was jubilation in the Bruins' locker room. McCarter pointed out to Bartow that he had not missed a shot, though the score sheet showed he had. "Andre's shooting the ball," chorled Gavin Smith, pointing his finger for emphasis. "And that's what we need."

The mood at a workout Friday afternoon in Washington State's Performing Arts Coliseum was typical of the change in coaches. Wooden's practices were solemn affairs, conducted in silence. Bartow allows the players to banter among themselves.

After running through the opposition's plays—a nuance Wooden never bothered with—the players held a jumping contest won by reserve Center Brett Vroman. Johnson and Washington tied for second. Then everyone practiced dunks.

George Raveling, the Washington State coach and a friend of Bartow's, walked in near the end of the workout. "Hey, Gene, success in Los Angeles is 30 wins," he said. "I don't think the Lord could have done better than you—and He created the players. Those fans would be saying, 'Fire the Lord.'"

"They would if He broke that winning streak at Pauley," Bartow agreed.

His mood had improved dramatically with the defeat of Washington. It was the first time in anyone's memory that UCLA had won a game using a zone defense. Bartow had left himself open to criticism by employing it, and it had come through.

Raveling is one of the first black coaches at the major-college level. "Gene, let me win tomorrow night," he said. "It'll help you with the black players in Los Angeles." Bartow slapped him on the back.

The next night UCLA won about as easily as a team can win on the road in the Pac-8. Johnson, a player who looks as if he could scare a dark alley, scored 32 points and grabbed 15 rebounds, and right on down the line, all the way to the coach's seat, the Bruins had an excellent night. "This is the turning point," Johnson said later. "We're over the hump now. It should be downhill from here." The pressure wasn't off, but at least it was bearable. **END**

THE START OF A CHAIN REACTION?

In an uncharacteristic act of compromise, NBA owners agreed to undo the bonds that tie players to one team. Will it work? Perhaps. Will other pro leagues pursue similar agreements? They had better **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Let's say that five or six years ago something bugged you so much that you began knocking your head against a reinforced-concrete wall. Even if you are a very adamant sort, it is likely the realization that the wall is unyielding—not to mention those throbbing pains in your cranium—would catch up with you. Eventually you would feel compelled to cease all that banging.

A process not dissimilar to that has finally worn down the 18 steadfast men who run teams in the NBA. Last week they abruptly stopped butting their brains against the wall of legal adversity erected by their players in 1970. By so doing, they ended a confrontation that threatened to leave management, athletes and fans senseless. The players say they are happy the controversy has ended; the owners are not quite so sure, but they think they are, too. For the fans, who watched helplessly as the torture went on, management's decision offers not only the prospect that the owner-player squabbling of recent seasons is over, but also that the interleague war between the NBA and ABA may soon end, giving fans in Los Angeles a chance to see Julius Erving while spectators in Kentucky at last get to lay eyes on Dave Cowens.

With pro sports running amok in legal complexities, the truce in the NBA, which essentially gives the players just about all the freedom they ever wanted, is an example of the kind of positive action desperately needed in pro baseball, football and, to a lesser extent, hockey. In fact, the most important aspect of the NBA settlement is that it may signal a new spirit of cooperation between owners and athletes, who reluctantly seem to be coming around to the view that they are stuck with each other and might as well make the best of it.

The essentials of the NBA agreement are three. First, the option clause will be eliminated from non- rookie player contracts, beginning with those that expire next season. The option binds a player to a team for one year after the term of his contract has run out. Second, a procedure called "the right of first refusal"

goes into effect in 1980. Example: Philadelphia wants Bob McAdoo, whose contract with Buffalo has expired, and he is interested in joining the 76ers. Philadelphia makes an offer to McAdoo, who then must give the Braves a chance to match it. Buffalo can keep him by equaling Philly's offer, but if the Braves do not match it, McAdoo is free to join the 76ers. Third, the compensation agreement, basketball's equivalent of pro football's hotly contested Rozelle Rule, will continue until 1980. This means if a player who has finished out his contract jumps to another team, his old club must be given players or draft choices as compensation by his new team. In practice, this makes it almost impossible for players to switch teams, since clubs fear they may be required to give up more in compensation than the jumping player is worth. Starting in 1980 there will be no more compensation in the NBA.

In one swoop the players have succeeded in doing away with the hated option year and the hated compensation rule. In the process they have freed themselves from the most hated part of being professional athletes. "Our problem has been that the players were bound to the team, but the team was not bound to the players," says Atlanta's Lou Hudson.

The owners also agreed to kick in \$4.5 million to be shared by about 500 players as an apology for the old, evil way of doing business, plus another \$1 million for the players' legal fees.

To be sure, there are some questions about all this. Make that a few thousand questions. The most important are: Why did the agreement come about so suddenly, and who is responsible for it? Will it work, or does it mean that players will be shuffling constantly from team to team? What will prevent the richer teams, especially the Knicks and Lakers, from buying up all the good players? And what does the agreement mean to other sports?

A principal figure in the deal was NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien, who admits that as recently as a month ago he "would have bet 1,000 to 1" against settlement of the six-year dispute. But even

before he took office on June 1, O'Brien sat down to lunch with the general counsel for the players, Larry Fleisher, and kicked the problem around. They immediately found they could talk to one an-



other, thereby undermining one of management's main lines during the long years of dispute: that the players and Fleisher are irresponsible and uncooperative. From that day until the agreement finally was reached, O'Brien doggedly promoted discussions between himself and Fleisher and, subsequently, between owners and players. During the process, O'Brien also disproved another saw about the NBA: that the owners cannot agree among themselves. He persuaded them to hash out their intramural prob-

lems in a series of conferences. Without the near-unanimity produced in those meetings, last week's settlement with the players never could have been reached.

Fleisher also was instrumental in putting together the agreement. While many owners do not care to say so publicly, they concede privately that Fleisher is reasonable and, perhaps, even downright convivial. But he claims circumstances, not personalities, brought about the deal. "Let's say the climate, from the owners' point of view, was more conducive to a

settlement than to a court battle," Fleisher says. What he means is that owners in all sports have been put over a judicial barrel of late. Court decisions and hints from judges in pending cases repeatedly have been telling owners that making players slaves—albeit highly paid slaves—is not the American way. The message was clear: the owners had to come up with a better system. Fast.

There were countless other individuals who played key roles in reaching the agreement, not the least of them Golden

Continued



State Guard and Player Representative Jeff Mullins. At a time when the two sides seemed to have reached an impasse, he made the eminently logical suggestion that implementation of the right of first refusal be delayed for three years. Even though the players were pushing for first-right to take effect immediately, Mullins reasoned that getting the players' case through the courts would take three years, anyway. The owners countered with an offer of a five-year delay. The parties compromised at four.

The biggest fear about the first-right system is that the big-city teams will buy up the best players. Says Buffalo's Paul Snyder, an owner who voted against the agreement, "This almost assures that wealthy teams like New York and Los Angeles will never miss being in the play-offs and getting wealthier." Not so, counters Fleisher: "Do you think Detroit's Bob Lanier would go to L.A. with Kareem Abdul-Jabbar there? Besides, it's not simply a matter of dangling dollars in front of players. The new system is going to require that clubs keep players happy and motivated."

Bill Bradley of the Knicks agrees. "Nobody wants to be the eighth man in Los Angeles when he could be starting in Seattle," he says.

Lanier, who earns considerably more than the NBA average of \$109,000 per year, makes no secret that he will be shopping for a new team in a few years. "If owners stuck together, I'd worry about salaries. But they never do," he says. A different view is held by former ABA Commissioner Mike Storen, who thinks owners will exert pressure on one another not to run up the bidding. All of these assessments probably are partially true and, as Fleisher and Storen suggest, the success of first-right will depend largely on the owners, who must retain their new spirit of cooperation among themselves and also develop better management techniques to ensure that their star players will want to stay around.

But what about the 90% of the players who are of average ability? Says Storen, "It won't affect them, except psychologically. I mean, who's going to chase an ordinary player?" The players do not expect helter-skelter switching; the owners are unsure of what will happen. "There will be a bunch of haves, led by New York and L.A., says the general manager of a team likely to prosper under any system, "and a bunch of have-nots. The best

teams will be better than they are now, and the worst ones will be worse. That will wreck the league, because you cannot expect people to buy tickets to see a team on a 28-game losing streak, whether that team's at home or on the road."

Other owners see a less dismal future, although they agree that the times ahead are uncertain. "It's like leaving Manhattan and suddenly moving to Zaire," says Knicks president Mike Burke. "You don't know until you get there what adjustments you'll have to make, although you know there will be plenty of them."

O'Brien, going on the theory that mistakes are for this life and perfection for the next, says that one of the charms of this 10-year agreement is that everyone will sit down again in 1986 and work out the wrinkles. "Anybody who knows sports and law and society and sees what we have done knows this is classic give-and-take," he says. Meanwhile, the business of the NBA will go on, including absorption of some ABA teams—the denial of such intentions by NBA owners notwithstanding.

What did the owners get out of the agreement? "I can't think of anything," says Lanier. That's not quite right. The owners did get a resolution of a dispute (technically, the agreement is an out-of-court settlement of a class-action lawsuit brought in 1970 by former Players Association President Oscar Robertson that was scheduled for trial later this year) that has cost them big bucks. Management figured to lose that case—which would have resulted in the loss of many more dollars and, worse, the imposition of a personnel system approved by a judge. Since the judge would be neither a player nor an owner, chances are his system would be less beneficial to basketball than one arrived at through negotiations among men involved in the sport. And the owners did get a delay in the right of first refusal, enabling them to negotiate long-term contracts with key players before the big change.

While basketball was putting the finishing touches on its new system last week, major league baseball owners again were slapped down in their chaotic battle to maintain an old framework. Andy Messersmith, who won 19 games for Los Angeles last year, and retired Pitcher Dave McNally are contending that baseball's reserve clause, the provision that management says binds a player to a team for life, should be interpreted

as a one-year, nonrenewable option.

In December an arbitrator ruled in favor of the players, so the owners fired him and went to court to have his decision overturned. Last week a judge ruled in favor of the players. Since the owners do not have the option of firing the judge, they now are trying to figure out what to do next. Most baseball men are unstirred by the basketball agreement and the spirit of compromise that brought it about. The sport's hard-liners seem to be winning out by calling for an appeal of the latest ruling all the way to the Supreme Court. That is likely to be a futile and very expensive gesture.

Marvin Miller, head of the players union, is gloomy over baseball's labor negotiations and claims that the owners have "gone into shock and hysteria over installing a one-year option that has already been eliminated by basketball."

Messersmith, lounging in the sun in Palm Springs, Calif., quietly celebrated his victory. "Baseball hasn't been unfair to me," he said. "It's not that we are slaves. It's just that we don't have any method of mobility like everyone else in this country has."

And that is the problem in all pro leagues—finding some way of squaring the law and individual freedoms with the necessity of a structured arrangement in sports. Baseball has barely begun to approach the problem, and NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle does not even want to talk about the effect of the basketball decision on his game. But time for such stonewalling has run out on Rozelle because a judge ruled recently that the Rozelle Rule is unconstitutional. NFL owners must get to talking on issues similar to those addressed by their basketball counterparts, and those discussions must be in the same spirit of compromise that led to the NBA agreement.

Ed Garvey, head of the NFL Players Association, claims he is ready to do that. "If the owners want to justify restrictions, they should show us the balance sheets that prove they can't do without them," he says. "We're reasonable."

But Pat Peppier, general manager of the Atlanta Falcons, shakes his head. "I've got to believe that there's an appeals court somewhere in this country that is going to hand down a decision in favor of the owners," he says.

Perhaps. But don't bet on it. The NBA owners have taken a much safer gamble by working with their players. **END**

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THE PLEASURE IS ALL FLORIDA'S

To the chagrin of Kentucky's thoroughbred royalty, the best of the great Bold Ruler's sons at stud is Florida-based What a Pleasure—and he has another top colt for the Derby by GERALD STRINE

These are times that try Kentuckians' souls. It was insult enough that Foolish Pleasure, a horse born and bred 700 miles from God's bluegrass, won the 1975 Kentucky Derby. It is gross insult that another colt sired by the same stallion standing in the same upstart locality—Williston, Florida, sir—should be the winter book favorite for the Kentucky Derby for 1976. And it is offensive to anyone with julep in his veins that this Florida stallion is the nation's leading sire; not only that, but a son of the venerated Bold Ruler who could become what his daddy was—the top sire for nearly a decade. Who, in short, could turn out to be the best of the Bold Rulers at stud.

To make the matter even more repugnant to Kentuckians, this potent stallion reached the top of the money list with the help of some of the commonest little numbers in horseodom. Until the dam of Foolish Pleasure came along—a decent sort—our sire had no quality mares to help him.

The name of this impertinent animal is What a Pleasure, and he stands at something called Waldemar Farm, whose master is one Tim Sams. Oh, yes, What a Pleasure has another 3-year-old, Whatsyourpleasure, rated only three pounds below the top-weighted Honest Pleasure in the Experimental Free Handicap. Which is to say, two of the top five candidates for classic honors this year are What a Pleasure's sons. No other stallion on earth is so richly represented.

What about a couple of studs whose names are more familiar? Secretariat was syndicated as a stallion early in 1973, before he had run as a 3-year-old, for a rec-

ord \$6.08 million. Had the syndication been delayed until after his Triple Crown, the price would have been \$12 million, a figure befitting the finest racing son of the greatest sire in modern-day racing—right, Bold Ruler.

In the summer of '73 Wajima, a colt from the last crop of—you guessed it—Bold Ruler, set a world record for a yearling sold at auction: \$600,000. Late last season, after having challenged Forego for Horse of the Year honors, Wajima was syndicated for \$7.2 million.

Both horses stand in Lexington, where champion stallions are expected to reside. Secretariat is at Claiborne Farm, where Bold Ruler reigned until his death from cancer in 1971. Wajima is at Spendthrift Farm, Claiborne's foremost rival. The first Secretariats will go to the races in 1977.

"Everybody is looking for and spending all kinds of money for the son of Bold Ruler most likely to carry on the old man's name," observes Joe King, the farm manager at Waldemar. "The thing is, we already have him right here in Williston."

Despite the promise of Secretariat and Wajima, that claim may well prove to be true. What a Pleasure was the No. 1 sire for 1975, with \$2,033,021 earned by his sons and daughters. It marked only the second time since 1939 that this honor had eluded the grasp of the bloodstock barons of the bluegrass, and the first time that any stallion other than Bold Ruler had reached the \$2 million total while heading the list.

Additionally alarming, from the equine Establishment's point of view, are these facts: What a Pleasure is young, having just turned 11, is likely to remain in Florida, privately owned, despite a \$9 million syndication offer, and is a good bet to retain his No. 1 ranking now that he is attracting high-quality mares. To

be sure, thoroughbred breeding being an inexact science, What a Pleasure could turn out to be a four-year wonder unable to keep the big money and the big races coming his way. There is a nagging suspicion, however, that his rise to star status among the superstuds is for real.

The late Howard Sams, Tim's father and the man who wangled What a Pleasure for Waldemar, was a loner. He was kicked out of high school in Hyde Park, Ill. for having spent more time working on the school newspaper than on his studies. But before turning 30, he had made history of a sort by offering the country's first double feature at a movie theater he owned in Chicago. Sams eventually made a tidy fortune in the electronics publishing field, branched out to take over the nearly bankrupt Bobbs-Merrill Company in Indianapolis while in his 50s and later sold the publishing house to ITT for a handsome profit.

"My father basically was a marketing man who read a tremendous amount of material about almost everything," says Tim Sams. "He attacked the thoroughbred business the same way he did his other business interests, except that thoroughbreds were relaxation for him."

Sams bought his first horse in 1963, the same year Bold Ruler, a son of Nasrullah, moved to the top of the stallion standings. Bold Ruler was to hold that spot for seven straight seasons and again in 1973. In 1964, when Sams attended the yearling summer sale at Keeneland, he went to \$125,000 in the bidding on a Bold Ruler colt that ultimately sold for a record \$170,000.

"I was prepared to go to \$150,000," Sams told the press, "only it was obvious that wasn't going to get him." Sams was lucky he lost. Velma Morrison made one bold bid of \$170,000 for the yearling she later named One Bold Bid. The

continued

What a Pleasure gambols at Waldemar Farm, while Derby favorite Honest Pleasure works at Hialeah for the approval of Trainer Jolley.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY HELLER

horse never got to the races and has done poorly at stud.

By 1966 Bold Ruler had had his first \$2 million year, and Sams was more determined than ever to secure one of his colts for the new farm in Florida, located some 25 miles west of Ocala.

"He thought he had Disciplinary," Tim Sams recalls. "When we went to look at the horse, it was gone. We didn't know he had been sold to someone else." Disciplinary died shortly after entering stud.

What a Pleasure, meanwhile, won the National Stallion and the Hopeful Stakes for Wheatley Stable as a 2-year-old in 1967, earning \$128,138 in seven starts. Breeders became interested in the colt as a stallion prospect because of the strong bottom line of his pedigree, which matched Bold Ruler on top. His dam, Grey Flight, had produced nine stakes winners. The Mahmoud mare was mated to Bold Ruler several times, but foaled only one son by him, What a Pleasure.

"I remember going to the trainer, Eddie Neley, to look at the horse," a widely known farm owner said recently. "Eddie kept saying the horse was bad-backed and all nervous and washy. It turned a lot of us off."

Sams was lucky. He didn't solicit Neley for an opinion. "This was the horse my father really wanted," Tim Sams says. "But he didn't think he was for sale. Mrs. [Henry Carnegie] Phipps was still alive and running Wheatley when my father made inquiries."

The price eventually quoted was more than Sams was willing to pay. "That's when Don Mitchell, a member of the board of many corporations and a good family friend, mentioned What a Pleasure to James Cox Brady of the Jockey Club," Tim continues. "Mitchell told Brady what kind of a man my father was and how sincere he was about the breeding business."

"Brady told Mrs. Phipps, and Mrs. Phipps sold What a Pleasure to my father even though she had been offered more than we paid [a reported \$350,000]. Two days after we bought What a Pleasure my father was offered five times what he had paid for him to syndicate him. My father never considered doing that because he felt an obligation to Mrs. Phipps even though, to my knowledge, Mrs. Phipps and my father never met, talked or corresponded. Still, he had that respect for her."

What a Pleasure was disappointing as a 3-year-old, winning only two of 11 starts in 1968. "Another Bold Ruler speedball," it was suggested. Sams was confident nonetheless that he had bought the best Bold Ruler colt for stud, although two of the sire's older sons, Bold Lad and Vitriolic, had been champion 2-year-olds out of Grey Flight's finest daughter, Misty Morn.

"The horse had covered his first group of mares in the spring of 1969 by the time I got there," says Jon Starr, who was Howard Sams' general manager at Waldemar. "There were 23 mares in foal, and they were very average broodmares. Very, very average . . . and that's being kind. There wasn't a stakes winner or a stakes producer among them."

"What a Pleasure was a silly so-and-so then. He wouldn't stand still long enough for a conformation picture for the advertising. He supposedly was so valuable he was cooped up in a stall—and had become a raving maniac. He had dug himself a ditch a foot deep from running in a circle."

"The thing that What a Pleasure needed was freedom. So we built him a better paddock, and before long he'd settled down so that you could take anybody and go right into the paddock with him."

Starr says they were never worried about the initial \$5,000 stud fee being too high. The problem, as he saw it, was how to get the young sire off the ground in a hurry, how to give him the best percentage chance of making a name for himself early.

"We had the horse overbooked by anybody's standards in the world, except maybe Australia's or Japan's," he admits. "I'd double him seven days in a row, and he'd never back off. Once he had three covers in less than 24 hours, the last at one in the morning. Some people told me he was too dumb to know when to back off, but I knew better. He was simply a fantastic breeding horse."

"One oldtimer warned me we'd burn What a Pleasure out. He told me what Rex Ellsworth had supposedly done to Khaleel. So I went and looked up the record on Khaleel and found he'd sired Corn Off The Cob at the age of 24. I decided not to cut back."

"In the spring of 1970 a foal later named Stick Boy was one of the first What a Pleasures born, over at Daybreak Farm in Ocala. We all ran over to take a

look, and he was gorgeous. After the first eight or 10 foals hit the ground it became obvious they were very uniform. You can walk in a pasture anywhere and a horseman can pick out What a Pleasure's offspring. Every time you bring one in, you think you're bringing in the same one. That's what you want in a sire."

"And, too, all his sons and daughters have that Bold Ruler rear end. Very rounded buttocks. It's hard to describe, but a horseman knows what you mean. You can look at his sons and daughters and know right away where the power plant is located."

"What a Pleasure was siring a very muscular, vigorous-looking group of foals. That became obvious right off, so the second year we booked him to as many mares as we could. One year we bred him to more than 70."

"When his first offspring went to the races early in 1972, the first four that started won right off the bat. It wasn't put up either, like it sometimes can be. It wasn't managed. Stick Boy was the first starter. He went out at Hialeah and won. Then Pleasure Castle, who'd been sold to Dan Lasater at the Hialeah sales for \$64,000 just by being a grand-looking colt, was taken to Oaklawn in Arkansas for his first race, was dropped in against winners, won, then won a stake. What a Pleasure's yearlings brought good prices because they looked impressive, even if the breeding of the mares wasn't."

Tim Sams took control of Waldemar's operations in 1972. Starr left the farm shortly thereafter.

"One year What a Pleasure was bred to 80 mares," Sams acknowledges. "It's not the number of mares a stallion is bred to that's necessarily the important factor, it's the number of times he must serve, or cover, those mares. What a Pleasure has never needed many covers. But the last three years his book has been normal, 40 to 45 mares. We cut back the number simply because he has become so valuable."

"In the early days we had to hustle to get people to breed to him. Now we get requests from all over the nation and all over the world."

While the rest of the breeding world may now be beating a path to What a Pleasure's paddock, Kentucky isn't. Only one Kentuckian is sending a mare this year to the leading U.S. sire of 1975.

"There were commercial breeders in Kentucky who bred to him at first," Sams

continued



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says. "As the stud fee increased they felt it was too high, and dropped out. Now they want back in, and I can't do that. Others in Kentucky a few years ago thought we were asking too much at \$10,000. They don't bother to ask now, at \$35,000. I guess you can say some of the Kentuckians zigged when they should have zagged."

The criticism of What a Pleasure during his early success was that he "didn't get the big horse," one that could win classics. Foolish Pleasure and Honest Pleasure quieted such comments, but the stories centering on how the dams of those two colts were obtained stirred up considerable controversy within the Waldemar camp.

"The truth is," Starr contends, "Mr. Sams never did spend big money for any of the mares during that period. We went out to places with the idea we might pick up an old mare or two that we could get in foal to What a Pleasure and sell the yearlings for \$7,500."

Sams bought Fool-Me-Not, a Tom Fool mare and the dam of Foolish Pleasure, for \$6,000 at Keeneland. "I later offered her, in foal to What a Pleasure, to a writer for the *Daily Racing Form* for \$7,500," Starr says. "He was looking for mares for some people and he tried to sell Fool-Me-Not all over Louisiana but didn't get it done. She'd had a Greek Game foal and it died at four months of a twisted gut. She then was barren a year. When we got her back in foal we were ready to sell her. We didn't dream she was carrying a Derby winner."

The breeding of Honest Pleasure was equally implausible. "One of my best friends, Blair Scott, a horse insurer in Kentucky, told me a sheriff's sale was going to be held at T. O. Campbell's place," Starr says. "Some stock on his farm had been left there by the owner with the board bill unpaid."

"Mostly, it was a bunch of farmers in overalls who were there. A lot of those old Kentucky tobacco farmers like to have two or three mares in their pasture. Mr. Sams and I were there for just the one mare, Tularia. She had produced a minor stakes winner and a minor stakes-placed horse. She'd been barren four years, but she was a nice-looking mare and she'd been a stakes winner herself and she was out of an Irish Oaks winner. She was by Tulyar. You can always gamble a little on something like that."

"They'd told us before the sale they

were going to sell the horses separately, and if they didn't bring what they thought they should, they would sell them all together as a package," says Starr. "We knew this was a possibility. We even bid \$300 on a couple of other mares we didn't really want, to kind of make sure nobody knew which one we really were interested in."

Tularia was knocked down to Sams for \$400 in the individual sale, but the owner decided he had better go for the package price. "When the bidding got to \$6,000, the action was between just Mr. Campbell and me. When I said \$6,000 I looked over and said, 'T.O., that's my final offer. If you want to get stuck with these horses just raise your hand one more time.'"

Campbell kept his hand at his side, and Sams had the dam of Honest Pleasure. "I object to her being called a '\$400 mare' when we had to pay \$6,000 to get her," Tim Sams says. "She was the only one we wanted. The other horses were given away."

Those days are over for What a Pleasure. Champion fillies Desert Vixen, Ta Wee, Process Shot and Mirra Femme are booked to him this spring, along with Tularia. Fool-Me-Not died shortly after attempting to deliver a full brother to Foolish Pleasure.

"What a Pleasure is the ideal horse. He's stout-backed. He's good-hipped. He's heavy-muscled. He's good-headed. He's not bad-legged nowhere," King says in the strongest use of the hyphen since the days of Turn-to. "His horses look like he does. His sperm count is high. His volume is high."

Some breeders have complained that the produce of the mares sent to What a Pleasure suffered from knee and foot problems. That's life. No stallion comes close to being perfect. What a Pleasure's statistics are excellent. From four crops, totaling 153 registered foals, he has had 115 starters and 78 winners, including 12 stakes winners, for \$3,641,729 in earnings. And he seemingly breeds well to any cross.

"That includes those sorry mares he had the first two or three years," King notes. "Secretariat and Wajima will never see that kind. They've got top mares, and they're still going to have to prove they're as good as this horse."

Starr acknowledges, "There's a possibility, as others have suggested, that a horse can be so prepotent, so strong, that

when he's bred to lesser mares he asserts himself to such a point he dominates more than when he's bred to better mares. But I don't buy it. Certainly I'm not advocating bad mares and volume as opposed to good mares and less quantity. We did what we did because we thought we had to. I don't think there's any way you can keep What a Pleasure off the top of the sire list from now on."

"I don't know what he's worth," Sams says. "I have no idea, except he's the only great sire living today who is completely privately owned. We tried to enter Foolish Pleasure and Honest Pleasure in the select sale of yearlings at Keeneland and both were turned down, on pedigree. They were sold instead at Saratoga. John Greer of Tennessee bought Foolish Pleasure for \$20,000. Virginia's Bertram R. Firestone bought Honest Pleasure for \$45,000."

This winter Trainer LeRoy Jolley returned both of the Pleasures to training in Florida after giving them a brief vacation in Virginia following their 1975 seasons. He refers to Foolish as "a Csonka type" while Honest is "more like O. J. Simpson."

Meanwhile, back at Waldemar, the stud fee for What a Pleasure goes up, up, up, probably to \$50,000 in 1977. At Claiborne, where three sons of Bold Ruler—Secretariat, Reviewer, sire of Ruffian, and Jacinto—stand as part of the greatest conglomerate of top sire blood in the world today, Owner Seth Hancock says, "Who's going to say who his best son is? Maybe What a Pleasure. Maybe Wajima. Maybe Secretariat. Who knows? I thought Bold Lad was a much better racehorse than What a Pleasure. You would have had to think Bold Lad was a living cinch, yet he didn't do any good. The Phipps had a host of good Bold Rulers, all well-bred. And they had the old man himself. Bold Ruler died at 17, which is relatively young. The Phipps sold pretty near all of them. What a Pleasure just turned out to be a hell of a stallion."

Tim Sams, Joe King and Jon Starr have but one regret. "Before my father died he told me What a Pleasure had done everything anyone could have asked of him, except to have sired a champion," the son says. "He was confident that last goal was about to be realized, also."

Foolish Pleasure scored his first victory on April 4, 1974. Howard Sams died the following month. ■



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The group of businessmen were outward bound on a journey

When Scottish mountaineer George McLeod says, "I woke up this morning with a genuine sense of joy," believe him. It makes no difference that he woke up to a frozen Utah dawn, tightly wrapped in a mummy bag, with a wool stocking cap pulled down over his bald spots (scars from a fall into an Antarctic crevasse), or that his hip aches from sleeping on his boots, which he had taken to bed with him so that they would thaw, or that one of the first things he will do this joyous morning is throw a pack on his back that weighs half as much as he does. It doesn't even matter that a new moon cradled an old moon when he went to sleep, a bad omen for Scots.

When George McLeod—a 47-year-old, 5'4", 140-pound bearded bundle of joy, former chief rock-climbing instructor at the Glenmore Lodge in Scotland, recipient of the Polar Medal from the Queen—says he has a sense of joy, it's because he's grateful. His haggis fairly sticks on the lump in his throat when he crawls out of his sleeping bag into the falling snow and recites in a brogue:

*I had the blues
Because I had no shoes,
Until I walked down the street
And I met a man
Who had no feet.*

The only trouble is that although McLeod may find joy in waking up stuck to the ground like an ice cube in a tray, others are more inclined to find misery, little comforted by the fact that they still have their feet. Especially if those others happen to be business managers and executives—a breed that generally thinks the wilderness is a Winnebago without air conditioning. That is the situation in which 11 businessmen found themselves one morning last April. They were students in a 10-day Outward Bound course, and McLeod was the head instructor.

Outward Bound personnel wince at the label "survival school"; they prefer "wilderness school." Although students learn sandy skills that could help them survive in the wilds, Outward Bound concentrates on teaching survival in civilization, and its goal is to prepare a person emotionally through a wilderness experience. The Outward Bound theme, whether the students are corporate executives or juvenile delinquents,

continued



CLAWING UP CANYON WALLS, TURNING THEM TO GRIST

of self-realization, one in which they would fight a maze of peaks and each other

by SAM MOSES



ILLUSTRATIONS BY EICHARDE SPANNS

is self-discovery; or, for those students who have survived their identity crises, self-renewal.

With such ethereal objectives, the instructors must be more than just mountaineers who like to eat beetles for breakfast. They must be as facile at reading poetry as they are at tying a bowline, and feel as comfortable discussing Thoreau as they do sleeping under the stars. Many have higher degrees to complement their mountaineering credits.

In Utah that April morning the instructors were keeping a close watch on the businessmen. As with all Outward Bound courses for executives, there was a higher instructor-to-student ratio than usual because the managers are all assumed to be leaders, at least in their own environments. Which creates one obvious problem: with everyone a chief in civilian life, who would want to be an Indian in the wilderness?

In this group, some wanted to lead, some to follow and some neither. Before the men stepped outside the Rim Rock Motel in Torrey, Utah, the small differences (how many packages of freeze-dried meatballs to carry) gave the students time to sort out authority, aggressiveness, persuasiveness and temperament. Within the first few miles of hiking the deeper propping began, as the group worked out its pecking order like a litter of coyote pups.

"You're trying to grandstand this whole show."

"Don't give me that grandstand crap."

The accusations and retorts grew blunter as the week progressed.

Some of the group:

Bill Purdy, 57, the doyen and executive heavyweight. He is semiretired, a consultant for a large aerospace contracting company in Denver and vice-chairman of the Outward Bound Board of Trustees, a position he would have preferred to keep secret; he was along for his own enlightenment. Purdy was the least accustomed to being an Indian; he supervised 8,000 people before his retirement.

Ben Dorgelo, 40, an advertising executive with the *Los Angeles Times*. Dorgelo was unimpressed by Purdy's status and seniority; he became Purdy's chief antagonist. "Bill knows the theory of management and human relations, but has difficulty with the practice," said Dorgelo. An uncompromising and outspoken sort, he was the object of an oc-

casional derogatory word himself and he once retaliated by saying, "You can judge the size of a man by the size of the thing that makes him angry." Such homilies didn't endear him to the others.

Dan Cullen, 38, an all-American success story: Notre Dame linebacker, Wharton School of business, 12 years as an investment banker on Wall Street. Then one day Cullen decided to abandon what he described as a "garbage-can life," and headed for San Francisco, where he joined a mariculture company. Now he is its president, a successful sea farmer who spends his time watching the mollusks grow in his garden, which is the Pacific Ocean. Cullen, an accomplished rock climber, had a powerful charisma, equaled only by his ego. "I thought I'd come on this course for a vacation," he said, "and to see if my company can get along without me for 10 days."

Peter Copen, 36, also a dropout from the New York business world—the textile business, in his case. He had enrolled in Outward Bound as research, because he hoped to get into the alternative education business. Copen was thoughtful and philosophical, as well as being glib. He defended his awkwardness in climbing by asking, "Whoever heard of a 6' 5" Jewish mountain climber anyhow?"

Paul Moran, 27, a foreman for a Southern California construction company and the only bachelor in the group. He was the youngest by five years and the fittest, and was frequently impatient with the pace, especially uphill. Moran was detached, quiet and independent.

Bob Clemens, 37, a manager in the Gates rubber company in Denver. He readily admitted he was out of shape and could get lost in his own recreation rooms. Worst of all, he suffered from acrophobia. "There is no one more afraid of heights," he said as he looked out the window of the small charter plane headed for Utah. "That's mostly why I came on this thing."

Harvey Gior, 44, a vice-president and general manager of a radio broadcasting company in Terre Haute, Ind. He also moonlights as a Sunday school teacher and justified the Sunday spent in the mountains by reasoning that he was close enough to God so that he need not feel guilty about missing church.

Mike Breslin, 32, manager of a family-owned floor-covering company in Galesburg, Ill. He once was a theology student headed for the priesthood, but

eventually chose more down-to-earth pursuits, like linoleum. He had a drooping mustache and a growing paunch.

No one is sure why the first inhabitants came to Capitol Reef on the Colorado Plateau (it was at least 8,000 years ago), or how long they lived there, or why they left, or even who they were. The Indians who lived in this place 1,000 years back are the earliest people about which much is known and that from the petroglyphs and paintings on the canyon walls. Later the Paiutes ruled the canyons until the area was settled in the mid-1800s, making Capitol Reef the last territory in the continental United States to be fully explored. A prominent resident at the time was Butch Cassidy, who used the maze of canyons and boulders and sandstone peaks to hide from lawmen. Decades earlier the Mormons hid in places like "Cohab Canyon," their particular crime being polygamy. In the 1950s the uranium boom brought more men—yellowed claims still remain under rocks in the canyons—and finally, in 1962, a highway was built through Capitol Reef.

Utah State Highway 24 is a lonely two-lane road, insignificant against the Navajo sandstone boulders, some as big as buildings and shaped like domes—hence the name Capitol Reef. Natural arches and bridges form a ragged continuum, a maze of mauve walls that wanders for at least 70 miles and hums with nocturnal winds. Over the centuries the walls have buckled up from the ground; their sheer sides sometimes rise hundreds of feet, patrolled by hawks and buzzards and, in spring, golden eagles returning from Mexico. Some of the canyons are so steep and narrow that the bottoms never see the sun.

In 1880 C. E. Dutton, a geologist, stood on Thousand Lake Mountain, and as he looked down on Capitol Reef he noted in his log: "The colors are such as no pigments can portray. They are deep, rich and variegated; and so luminous are they, that the light seems to flow or shine out of the rock rather than to be reflected from it."

During much of this April, however, Capitol Reef was a land of snow. The day before the executives arrived, a fresh storm passed through the southwest Rockies.

"Jeez, it's cold," said the cook at the motel, where the course began and was to end. He looked wistfully out the win-

continued

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a white short-sleeved tennis shirt with three black stripes on the sleeve and a white tennis skirt, is leaning on a tennis racket. She is looking upwards and to the right with a thoughtful expression. The background is a light, textured surface.

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all I'd heard,
I decided to
either quit
or smoke True.
I smoke True.**



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score
for
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From the spritely Mustang II MPG hardtop, with an EPA highway estimate of 34 miles per gallon, to the elegantly appointed MPG Ghia, there's more choice than ever.

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For instance, there's the lean and racy new Stallion, in 2+2 or Hardtop models, with special ornamentation, blacked out window moldings and grille, distinctive Stallion decal, styled wheels and more, at no extra charge.

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Boredom O.



Mustang II shown in new Cyberchrome color. Options shown: dual remote mirrors, 1542 C, WSW tires, 1533L.

you, the score is always going to be Mustang II, Boredom O.

Mustang II MPG Hardtop, at right
Base sticker price — \$13,525

That price does not include title, taxes and destination charges. But it does include a proven 2.3 liter overhead-cam engine, rack-and-pinion steering for precise handling, front disc brakes, 4-speed manual transmission with floor-mounted short-throw shift, Tachometer. Bucket seats. Solid-state ignition. And more.

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This year, more than ever. The feeling is young and vibrant.

The score is: Mustang II, Boredom O.

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dow at the blowing snow. "I was gonna go down the river this week, but now I ain't goin' nowhere 'cept my warm klach-en," he said.

"Aw, it's just a dusting," McLeod said joyously.

Later, after sleeping on high ground in the 10-inch "dusting" their first night, the group worked down to dry land, into the valley formed by the Fremont River. The sunset that second evening brought out the land's colors, a pleasant change from the first day's white-on-white. Darkness produced a race among the shooting stars and satellites that sped across the sky.

McLeod had planned to lead the group down the river valley that day, but that would have meant crossing the river as many as a dozen times. Because the Fremont was nearly bursting from the melting snow, even one crossing became a project that took most of the morning. So the men split into two parties and took alternate courses over Musers Mountain, which turned out to be more of a massif than a mountain. Portaging up and down in snow that was sometimes knee deep drove most of the students to fatigue and irritability by late afternoon.

McLeod's party voted to make camp early. The other group stumbled into McLeod's camp half an hour later and was met with an attack of snowfalls. That lightened the mood, which became downright silly around the campfire as McLeod told picaresque tales of Antarctica, describing in particular what happens when dung freezes on the runners of a dog sled. Near midnight the men retired to their sleeping bags. After pounding flat a lump of ice under his back, Copen, the giant mountain climber, rolled over, sighed into the icy wind and said aloud, "And to think I'm paying \$40 a night for this."

Butch Cassidy's girl friend wasn't really a schoolteacher who looked like Katharine Ross. Legend has it she was a busy lady named Fern for whom Butch named a mountain. Fern's Nipple was the final test in rock climbing for the men, after a day of practice and preparation on smaller peaks. Although the 7,500-foot mountain may be a snap for an expert, to an admiral it looms like Everest.

Base camp was in a warm pocket near the bottom, the men sleeping in Fern's Navel, as it were. They began the four-hour ascent shortly after dawn in three

parties, each led by an instructor. Most of the climb involved only hiking and scrambling, but for the final few hundred feet each instructor tied his party together with a 150-foot nylon rope. This was when Clemens had to face his fear and Copen suddenly discovered he could be afraid. But each kept his terror under control with words of encouragement to the other, although Clemens had to be coaxed to partake in the traditional kissing of the peak; he preferred to close his eyes and hug it for dear life.

One Outward Bound belief is that speed tends to blunt sharp moments in a person's life, and that people move too fast nowadays to let time hone the edges of those moments. So immediately after the climb there is a period of at least 24 hours during which each student is left alone. A person can learn a lot about himself by simply sitting still for 24 hours in silence. Some occupy themselves by whittling sticks, some by watching ants; some find tranquility, some boredom. Moran, the young insular one, enjoyed the isolation; he chose the highest peak in the solo area, climbed to the top of the biggest rock he could find there and rotated slowly in place for nearly an hour as he watched the sun set, spraying the canyons orange and the mountains pink.

But none of the solos seemed to come down from the mountain with any spiritual revelations. Most spent their time doing things like sorting the sunflower seeds from the M&M's in the high energy snack they carried.

Gior, the radio station manager, may have spoken for most of them when he said, "I didn't want to think any profound thoughts. All I wanted to do was sit for 24 hours and look at a rock. Not think about it, simply look at it."

*Two roads diverged in a wood,
and I—*

I took the one less traveled by,

And that has made all the difference.

—ROBERT FROST

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

The instructors picked up the students one at a time after the solos, gathering them in a dismal snowstorm under an ugly pewter sky to brief them for the final test, in which they would be given two days to find their way back to camp. They could choose between two routes: the easy one of about 10 miles, and the hard one, about 15 with a tricky canyon exit.

Seven of the 11 managers chose the short route. By the time these men reached the motel two days later, they were barely speaking to each other.

The other group would face a different sort of adventure. "We want to make it a real back-buster," Cullen, the ex-Notre Dame linebacker, said. The other three men (Copen, Moran and Breslin, the floor-covering company manager) looked around with raised eyebrows as if to say, "He do?"

In the larger group, Bill Purdy, the Outward Bound trustee, was elected leader, to the dismay of Ben Dorgelo, the Los Angeles adman. Dorgelo saw a leader as "first among equals," while Purdy assumed he would be absolute chief. The stage was set for dissension.

The group set off and Purdy was soon telling the men precisely where to walk and how fast; when Dorgelo broke formation to explore the trail, he was harshly ordered back. Perhaps as a result, the men missed the first turn and had to back-track a mile. After wading through a frigid, fast-flowing creek in near darkness, they camped for the night. Dorgelo slept alone in a cave, away from the others.

The next day Purdy appointed Dorgelo navigator, an appointment that postponed any challenge to Purdy's authority. But by late afternoon, when everyone was tired, tempers flared; during a rest stop Purdy abdicated. "He said he wanted the privilege of showing unattractive behavior like the rest of us," reported Dorgelo. "But he finally, magnanimously, agreed to continue."

The next morning Dorgelo turned the map over to that day's navigator, along with advice which was largely ignored. After one more shouting match the group of seven men finally gave up arguing over the routes, and everyone simply went his own way at his own pace. They stumbled leaderless into the motel that afternoon.

Meanwhile, the smaller group was embroiled in a less verbal, but equally tense, struggle, as much with the environment as with each other.

The two routes had shared the same trail for the first five miles, and when his party reached a fork before the larger, slower group, Cullen wanted to make false tracks into the wrong canyon to mislead those behind. Breslin eagerly agreed and began making deliberate footprints in the wrong direction and carefully back-tracking in them. But Copen and Moran

continued

wanted no part of the scheme, and it was abandoned. But it had been an indication of Cullen's extreme competitiveness. By nightfall they were only three or four miles from the motel, yet still in a canyon.

Their mood was confident, and they unpacked their clean walking shorts for the next morning's brief hike home.

"Let's go in sparkling," said Cullen. "Our tails may actually be dragging, but I don't want the other guys to know that." Moran was so confident he threw his dirty, tattered jeans into the fire. "The zipper was broken anyhow," he said.

They broke camp an hour late, certain that they would be eating lunch at the motel. Moran was anxious to get moving, and in a display of youthful energy he began scrambling up a slope of broken rocks, possibly the result of a landslide decades before. It appeared to be a relatively easy egress from the canyon.

The others walked ahead on the trail. "We're going around the corner before we go up," Cullen said. "It's easier this way."

Moran understood Cullen to mean they would be coming up to meet him, but Cullen was leading the others farther down the trail to look for another way out. Moran climbed higher. The other three walked farther.

"Come down!" Cullen finally shouted. "There is an easier way out!"

From his vantage point, Moran could see nothing but sheer walls surrounding the trail.

"This is the best way out!" Moran shouted from the rocks, high above the others. "Easy! No hard climbing!"

Moran couldn't understand why they had changed their minds. He could see them huddling on the trail, which seemed miles below him. They thought Moran was being stubborn, behaving like a child. What was his big hurry to get back? After all, it was a nice day, a beautiful canyon. And there would surely be several more trails that would lead out.

"We're going on!" shouted Cullen after several minutes. "Are you coming?"

"No," shouted Moran. His reply reverberated through the canyon, and it sounded like a hundred no's.

"Goodbye, then," Cullen called, already moving on.

Moran looked toward the canyon rim 200 feet above him and thought carefully about the consequences of his continuing alone. First, he was breaking the cardinal rule of the wilderness: never hike

alone. His decision would affect others besides himself. If he got hurt, someone would have to come after him. He was also reducing the group to three; if one of them got hurt, the injured man would need care, and the third man would have to find a way out of the canyon alone.

Moran would be the heavy no matter what happened: if he got back to the motel first, it would look as if he deserted the others; if they got back first, he

would look like a fool. And what if—although it didn't look possible on the map—what if at the rim of this slope there were no way down?

Cullen called again: "You're crazy to go on alone! Come back down!"

They were out of Moran's sight now. "I couldn't if I wanted to!" he shouted into the empty canyon, knowing that wasn't really true.

Suddenly Copen appeared, walking back on the trail. "You can get down about 50 yards ahead," he yelled.

Moran was certain that he had found the canyon exit, and to climb down would be to follow a leader he was convinced was wrong. But his options weren't any better. Moran headed down.

Together again, they walked another mile and began climbing a long, smooth, snow-covered slope to get out of the canyon. Cullen broke tracks in the crust for the others, and they all clawed at the snow with their fingers to keep from slipping. Near the top, Moran's boots skidded on the ice and he began sliding backward, his bare knees and fingers scratching at the crust in fury. He glissaded 30 feet farther and managed to stop by spinning around and digging his heels into the snow. Another 10 feet and he would have dropped over a ledge—probably not far enough to kill himself, but certainly far enough to break a leg. Still, he stubbornly refused a safety rope to finish the climb, although Copen and Breslin willingly accepted a belay on the rope when they reached the point where Moran had fallen.

When the men finally reached the top, they saw no immediate way down the other side, nothing but large rocks along the rim, with a 100-foot drop to a valley that would lead them to the motel. They ate a quick lunch of peanut butter and honey on soda crackers and traversed the rim until they found a narrow declension that seemed to empty into the valley. Their hopes were renewed. Again, Cullen led, after carefully going down about 50 yards, he stopped. Below was a sheer drop of 75 feet.

They considered rappelling to the bottom but they only had one rope and no *descendeur*, a climbing tool helpful in rappelling. If they were to rappel, they would have to try an over-the-shoulder rappel with no belay. They were tired, three of them had never rappelled before that week, never rappelled over the shoulder at all, and one of them was



continued

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UP CANYON WALLS *continued*

afraid of heights. They decided against it.

The group retreated in disappointment to the rim of the canyon. Cullen made a difficult horizontal climb, belayed by Copen and Breslin, to check a window that looked out on the valley; it was too high to reach. Moran climbed to the highest rock on the canyon rim, and from there he could see the Ram Rock Motel, three miles away. He turned around and looked back into the canyon and followed the trail with his eyes. It ended in the face of a cliff. It was a box canyon.

They regrouped, and Cullen and Moran reported the bad news. There seemed to be only one hope left, a tiny crevice near the window Cullen had checked. But to reach it, they would have to go nearly to the bottom of the canyon and make the climb once more.

They roped themselves together and slid most of the way down, unintentionally, on their hands and buttocks. When they were near the canyon floor, Moran volunteered to hike up a gorge to check the crevice. After Moran disappeared into the gorge, Copen shouted from the trail, "Come down! There's an easier way out just ahead!"

"There is no way out!" Moran shouted angrily. "It's a box canyon! Dead end! I saw it with my two damn eyes!"

"Dan is up ahead and he says there's a way out," Copen replied.

Moran foresaw another struggle of wills, with the same result as in the morning. He returned to the canyon floor in resignation.

Thirty minutes later they were staring at a purple wall about 80 feet high. Cullen refused to acknowledge it and began scaling to the top.

"Look at that guy, he's crazy," Copen said as he watched. "He's blowing himself out trying to be Superman."

"He's running on ego," said Moran.

"You were right about the canyon being a dead end."

"No kidding. I told you I saw it. Why didn't you believe me?"

Copen shrugged. What he didn't say was that after the incident that morning, Moran had seemed petulant and had lost credibility. Cullen's leadership was uncontested after that.

Cullen was getting dangerously high. Finally he stopped.

"It's about another 20 feet up, then a 20-foot drop, then another 30 feet to the top," he shouted down. "I can make it. It's up to you guys. I'll go along with

continued

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The future of American cities is at stake.

Our job is you.



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what you want." It looked doubtful that even Cullen could make it. He was trying to turn the wall to grist.

"O.K., Dan," said Moran. "You go first and I'll relay for Peter and Mike. If they make it, I guess I can, too."

"I'm not following you, Dan," Copen said softly.

It was late afternoon and the sky was ominous. They were already overdue at the motel. If they stayed that night in the canyon a search party would be sent after them. Copen suggested backtracking and camping in the place they had the night before. They could take the short route out the next morning and make it to the Ram Rock before dark if they pushed.

Moran dropped his pack. "I'm going up the gorge to check the crevice next to the window," he said.

Nearly an hour later, after trekking up the dark, narrow gorge in snow that reached his bare thighs in places, Moran saw daylight through the crevice. He held his breath in anticipation as he walked

through it. He looked down into the gently sloping valley, and he laughed aloud. They would be at the motel before dark.

The others climbed slowly. When they reached Moran, waiting on an icy cliff, Cullen tossed up the rope and Moran belayed him to the top.

"Man, I'm glad you were alone," Cullen said. "You were a big help to me."

Two weeks after the executives had gone back to their jobs, after time to digest their wilderness experience, none of them could really pinpoint what he had learned, although he couldn't say he hadn't learned something. To be sure, there were some changes:

Dorgelo was no less "action-minded and aggressive," as he described it, but he was more aware of this. Purdy recognized how difficult it was to perceive his own behavior; as a bonus, he found, curiously, that he could discontinue medication for two nagging ailments that had virtually disappeared on the trip.

Moran, not very materialistic to begin

wish, became even less so. After experiencing how little a person actually needs to survive, he appreciated things like a warm bed and hot meal even less, rather than more, and he looked upon them with slight disdain, if not actual guilt. Copen felt a heavy empty feeling on the airplane back to New York, and days later he realized it was because he felt the group of four had become as one during their time of stress, when they separated, he was at a loss. Cullen was still achieving, scouting for shellfish in Scandinavia.

And George McLeod? McLeod didn't really discover very much about himself, except that he needed a vacation. As soon as his wife finished instructing her women's course (in which the women climbed Fern's Nipple in a blizzard, and had no leadership struggles), the McLeods went home to Denver and worked in their garden for four days. But soon they were planning a trip to the Grand Canyon, with backpacks, sleeping bags, ropes and carabiners. For some people, joy is a big rock.

END

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL / Larry Keith

Homebodies rule in D.C.

Good high school players traditionally flee the nation's capital, but Georgetown's John Thompson has built a winner with District talent

Although the high school basketball talent in Washington, D.C. ranks among the best in the country, the college game has never flourished there. The brightest prospects kept leaving town. Elgin Baylor went to Seattle University, Dave Bing to Syracuse and Austin Carr and Adrian Dantley to Notre Dame. Local teams, meanwhile, went on relief.

Now moon-faced, Washington Monument-sized John Thompson of Georgetown seems to have plugged the leak in the talent pool. Last week his homegrown Hoyas upset No. 12-ranked St. John's 74-73 in overtime and ran their record to 15-3. "Times are different," says the 6'10" black coach. "For many years local schools did not want black athletes. When they finally decided they did, it was too late. The tradition among the players was to get out. Fortunately we've been able to change that a little."

Thompson himself was one of those who left D.C. behind when he went to Providence College 16 years ago. He was a star there and then spent two seasons with the Boston Celtics, playing behind Bill Russell. After that came six years back in the capital, coaching at St. Anthony's High School. In 1972 he was elevated to the job at Georgetown and in four years there has done what his predecessors never could: corral enough local talent to build a topflight program. The Hoyas start four Washington players and have four more on the bench. Two of them, Center Merlin Wilson and Guard Jonathan Smith, Thompson actually recruited for St. Anthony's; they followed him to Georgetown. Wilson is the school's alltime leading rebounder and Smith should become its No. 1 scorer.

Thompson's prize catch is 6'7" freshman Al Dutch, the team's second leading scorer with a 14.6 average. "Everybody wanted him," says Thompson. "If we can continue to convince players of his caliber to stay home, we'll

be one of the top teams every year."

Not all of Thompson's finds had Dutch's credentials. Sophomore Guard Mike Riley, who held St. John's Frank Alagia scoreless, was taken off a Navy submarine service ship, the U.S.S. *Holland*. "I remembered him as a high school player and we tracked him down in Charleston, S.C.," says Thompson. "He was due to be discharged so it worked out. He had a hard time believing I was serious. But he was just what we wanted: a good playmaker, a good ball handler and very good on defense."

When Thompson took over, the Hoyas had just come off a 3-23 season. They finished 12-14 his first year and 13-13 the next. Last season they were 18-10, appeared in the NCAA playoffs and won their coach a five-year extension of his contract. The victory over St. John's was Georgetown's 21st straight at tiny McDonough Gym—its 26th in the last 31 overall—and raised hopes for the school's first appearance ever in the weekly Top 20 poll. "Rutgers is the only team I've seen in the East that is better," says Redmen Coach Lou Carnesecca. Against St. John's, Dutch and Guard Derrick Jackson did most of the scoring, with 21 and 23 points respectively.

Thompson's father-son relationship with his players becomes apparent at games. He chooses to sit in the middle of the bench instead of at one end with his assistants. "We can communicate better that way," he says. A taskmaster (he has held practice right after a game that displeased him), he is also deeply interested in the well-being of his players. Thompson demands that they attend all their classes and record their progress in a book he keeps in his office. "My father couldn't read or write," he says, "but he wanted me to take academics seriously. Too many kids think they can get rich playing ball. I tell them that even if they do make it to the pros, they could

turn out to be another John Thompson sitting on the bench."

His message seems to be getting through. In a rare expression of respect the players call him "Mr." instead of "Coach." And Dutch says, "When people ask me what's at Georgetown, I tell them 'John Thompson.' He's a good coach and a good man."

Unlike many of the more flamboyant members of the coaching profession, Thompson does not smoke, drink, dress nattily or act jive. He's a family man, a philosopher, a teacher and, he claims, not much of a recruiter. "Athletics has a way of running away with itself," he says. "But I don't see myself as a crusader." And in an almost apologetic effort to de-sugar his good-guy image, he insists that he is, in fact, very emotional. "I scream. I holler. I'll curse," he says. "There are people who don't like me."

One of them hung a racist sign outside the gym last year during a six-game losing streak, caused in part by Thompson's decision to bench a key player who had cut some classes. Another unfriendly advised a white player Thompson was trying to recruit: "Don't go to Georgetown. Thompson only wants to play blacks." In fact, Thompson wants to play anybody who can help him win.

This year his players certainly have done plenty of that. "It was the same at St. Anthony's," says Wilson. "We were building from the bottom up—creating, not duplicating. If everything works out well here, more and more players will want to stay in Washington and go to school here, too. They can build up a program at home instead of giving some other school a big name."

Other coaches in the District would no doubt consider that a capital idea.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST

The week started out like a real bummer for Pepperdine and Coach Gary Colson. First came a disheartening Tuesday loss to Loyola of Los Angeles, 70-67. Then, in preparation for a Friday night tussle at home against undefeated Nevada, Las Vegas, the Waves had two horrendous practice sessions. They were so bad that the affable Colson admitted, "I

was afraid I'd blow my top." Instead, he took off after the Thursday workout and went for a drive along the Pacific near the Pepperdine campus in Malibu. During his 30-minute spin the sight of the waves hammering the shore may well have frightened him into the notion that his team would suffer a similar pounding from the Rebels. But during the game Colson's Waves did some pounding of their own.

First, however, the Waves fell behind 69-57, much to the dismay of the 4,500 fans who somehow wedged their way into Firestone Fieldhouse, where capacity is supposed to be 3,500. With 15:56 left, Pepperdine began chipping away at the deficit, pulling even 81-all and again 91-all when Dock Stophammer scored the last of his 21 points by driving the baseline for a layup with 2:26 to go.

Las Vegas went into a stall, then missed a foul shot with 16 seconds remaining. Pepperdine corralled the rebound and brought the ball downcourt. Ollic Matson Jr., son of the former football star, took a snap pass, dribbled once and uncorked a jump shot from just inside the free-throw line. It nicked the rim, spun and fell through the net with five seconds left. A desperation shot by the Rebels failed, and their 23-game winning streak came to an end with the 93-91 setback. Center Marcos Leite, who also plays for the Brazilian national squad, led the Waves with 22 points and 13 rebounds.

"Unbelievable," muttered Rebel Coach Jerry Tarkanian.

"Golly," said the jubilant Colson. "Beating Las Vegas has got to be the biggest win ever." Reminded that he had said the same earlier in the season after a 75-65 upset of San Francisco, Colson amended his words. "Then this is the most *zany* ever."

While UCLA took command in the Pacific Eight, early conference-leader Oregon State was shocked 73-72 by California before pulling itself together for an 82-76 win over Stanford. Oregon put down Stanford 72-59 and California 79-60. But Southern Cal, which had won 11 of 12 games before the start of league play, had its Pacific Eight mark lowered to 0-7 by losing to Washington State 80-72 and to Washington 91-79.

Utah (16-4) forged its way to the top of the Western AC with a 6-1 league record by defeating Colorado State 82-75 and Wyoming 87-69. Moving into contention after a fluster start was Arizona State (4-3), which lost its three big men on fouls but hung on for a 67-63 decum over Arizona (5-2). New Mexico surprised Texas-El Paso 69-58.

San Francisco continued to shape up, extending its string of victories to nine with a pair of West Coast AC triumphs over Santa Clara, 63-49 and 86-73.

1. UCLA (17-3) 2. UNLV (13-1)

continued

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MIDEAST A tip, a sub and a lucky bounce were all instrumental in keeping Indiana unbeaten as it squirmed past Michigan 72-67 in overtime. Constant changes of defense—from man-to-man, to numerous zones, to a full-court press—helped the Wolverines keep the Hoosiers at bay in the first half 39-29, only the second time in 53 games Indiana had trailed at halftime. But the Hoosiers retaliated as the newest of their superstars, sophomore Guard Wayne Radford, scored all 16 of his points after the intermission. Still, Indiana was down 60-58 when it missed two shots in the waning seconds. The second miss, though, ricocheted right to Kent Benson, who got credit for tipping the ball in for the tying basket at the buzzer. Michigan took a four-point lead in overtime only to have Indiana go ahead for keeps on shots by Radford and Scott May, who had 27 points.

In an earlier Big Ten encounter, Michigan beat Wisconsin 107-86. Terry Furrow riddled the basket for 39 points as third-place Michigan State wallowed Northwestern 91-71 and edged Ohio State 83-82. Earlier in the week Fred Taylor, the dean of Big Ten coaches, announced he would be resigning after his 18th season with the Buckeyes.

It was a typical Kentucky-Tennessee contest in Knoxville: seven technical fouls, one player from each team ejected for scuffling, a fight among fans that resulted in some ejections from the arena and postgame acrimony. Tennessee, which earlier had scuttled Mississippi State 75-66, came out on top 92-85. Ernie Grunfeld, accused by Wildcat Coach Joe Hall of shooting fouls for teammates when the teams met last month, scored 32 points for the Volunteers. Teammate Mike Jackson added 28 and Bernard King 22. After the last shot had been fired, Hall, as usual, spoke up. Commenting on the 25 personal fouls called on his team as opposed to the 15 against Tennessee, he said, "We're the fourth SEC team to come in here and out-hold-goal them and lose because of all those free throws."

Alabama and Vanderbilt stayed within a game of first-place Tennessee. A pair of 20-foot jumpers by freshman Tommy (The Wrist) Bonds in the last 18 seconds of regulation play enabled Alabama to tie Georgia. In overtime, sophomore Guard Anthony Murray scored six points as the Tide won 69-67. Murray, who had an 11-point scoring average, also had a hot hand against Auburn, contributing 24 points in an 86-75 victory. Vanderbilt came up with a couple of hairbreadth wins, taking a last-shot decision over Mississippi 61-60 and beating Georgia 71-69 in double overtime.

When Dick Vitale took over as Detroit coach three seasons ago, he said, "I want to enter the building some night and see a standing-room-only sign." He finally saw it last week when North Carolina came to town.

Vitale, ever the promoter, was ready. The arena lights were doused while, one by one, all 14 of his Titans jumped through a hoop and into a spotlight to the acclaim of the crowd of 9,000. Then the Titans rumbled into the frying pan and were seared by the Tar Heels 91-76 as Mitch Kupchak pumped in 30 points and pulled down 17 rebounds.

Four days later 8,352 fans were on hand when Detroit took on another powerhouse, Marquette. This time the Titans nearly pulled off an upset, leading by nine points in the second half. But they failed to score during the last 4:45 and lost 68-66 when Lloyd Walton sank a jumper at the game's end. Vitale blamed himself in part for the loss, admitting that one of his players was watching him give signals from the bench when Butch Lee of the Warriors stole the ball and scored a game-tying layup. "I won't sleep tonight," said Vitale.

Centenary (19-3) left opposing coaches with as such sleepless nights, swarming all over Houston Baptist 123-90, Hardin-Sammons 133-94 and Southern Mississippi 87-67.

Notre Dame also exploded, drubbing La Salle 108-89 and Davidson 117-74 as Adrian Danley zoned in for 70 points.

Western Michigan (18-0) stumbled past Loyola of Chicago 80-71 after almost blowing a 16-point lead, then nipped Central Michigan 76-73.

1. INDIANA (19-0) 2. MARQUETTE (16-1)

MIDWEST With both of Texas Tech's starting forwards out with the flu, subs Grant Dukes and Mike Russell gave healthy performances against Arkansas. Dukes swished 10 quick points as the Red Raiders moved in front 14-4 and Tech went on to win 86-78 as Russell led the team's .660 shooting by sinking nine of 11 shots and winding up with 23 points. With the Red Raiders trailing TCU 45-36 in their next outing, Rick Bullock put busy. Bullock netted 15 points in eight minutes and Tech breezed 82-75. But Tech remained half a game in back of Texas A&M in the Southwest Conference. The Aggies stayed on top by beating Texas 85-69 and Baylor 78-63. SMU was a game out after clipping Rice 109-71 and Texas 79-76.

Kansas State's Purple Poppies were at their best as the Wildcats wriggled back into the Big Eight race. Chuckie Williams flicked in 32 points and Mike Evans 20 as State dealt Missouri its first conference loss, 85-81. Next time out, Evans had 31 points and Williams 14 as the Wildcats (5-2 in the league) beat Oklahoma State 60-55. Missouri's Willie Smith panned in 32 points in a 98-78 decision at Colorado. Nebraska (6-1) tied the Tigers for first place, bouncing defending titlist Kansas 57-54 and Iowa State 66-56.

Pitt tried to confuse Cincinnati with its "ameoba" defense, so called because of its

constantly changing alignment. Never ones to let a little thing like an ameoba stop them, the Bearcats won 89-77. Cincinnati also polished off Jacksonville 87-62.

An 84-71 win over Bradley and a 70-61 conquest of Tulsa moved Wichita State into the lead in the Missouri Valley scramble.

1. MISSOURI (18-3) 2. CINCINNATI (17-3)

EAST "For a major-college team we're short and slow," drawled Georgia Tech Coach Dwane Morrison. "And we're real poor free-throw shooters. But these guys start growing on you after a while." They certainly grew on North Carolina State—like barnacles. Morrison's short, slow, bad-eyed gang jousted the Wolfpack 78-67. And they did it without a field goal in the last 6:15. They won on foul shots, getting their last 22 points from the foul line and earning 30 of 35 tries. The night before, State shipped Furman 102-76 as Kenny Carr pumped in his team's first 16 points and 39 all told. Facing the same nonconference teams, North Carolina beat Tech 79-74, overcoming a 24-80 deficit and the loss of Center Mitch Kupchak, who was poked in the eye. Carolina then stomped Furman 97-64.

Three major Atlantic Coast contests were played, North Carolina State winning one and Maryland two. With Carr scoring 38 points, the Wolfpack downed Clemson 97-89. John Lucas scored 19 points as the Terps took care of Virginia 69-66, then tossed in 28 as they overhauled Duke 102-91. Guard Tate Armstrong scored 37 for the Blue Devils, but they could not match the Terps on the foul line: Maryland missed its first free throw, then sank 28 in a row to set a school mark of 566.

"You try to play dumb, give them the dead leg and then make your move," said Mike Dabney of Rutgers. "I anticipated." His anticipation paid off with a steal when Princeton, trailing 55-53, stalled. Dabney followed up his theft with a layup. "After that we started to flow," said teammate Phil Sellers, who had 22 points and 16 rebounds in the Scarlet Knights' 75-62 victory. Rutgers also beat West Virginia 86-76 and, with Dabney getting 27 points, stopped Navy 86-71.

Back in the Ivy League, Princeton forced 28 Columbia turnovers to win 69-53 and then wrecked Cornell's slowdown 53-35.

Marquette came East and defeated Massachusetts 78-59, but visiting DePaul was shocked by Rhode Island 71-70.

St. John's sandwiched its loss to Georgetown with two wins, beating Army 87-75 in overtime and downing Fordham 77-67. Providence was a three-time winner, downing Brown 81-59, Niagara 76-67 and cracking Holy Cross' press 103-85.

1. RUTGERS (19-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (18-2)

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The Mason-Dixon Games are run on a tight budget, and so even the most glamorous of the track events, the mile, usually offers a field such as last week's—Jeff Kramer, Phil Barker, Ralph King, Chris Ridler and Tony Staynings, all of whom seem to run the distance uphill. In fact, the entries for the mile historically are so mediocre that the meet record is 4:01.9, set in 1964 by John Camien out of Emporia (Kans.) State. Thus has the mile been run, or jogged, for 15 years around a giant track—only eight laps to the mile—upon which more than two dozen world indoor records have been tied or broken. Which is why the promoters were awash with warmth last Saturday when Rick Wohlhuter, the celebrated half-miler, arrived in Louisville to remove the embarrassing 1,760-yard albatross from around their necks.

For Wohlhuter it would mean going twice his normal distance, but the quiet, 27-year-old Chicago insurance salesman has never found that to be much of a chore. Since he first began attacking the distance seriously, in 1973, he has gone under four minutes 11 times, and twice he has been clocked under 3:54. That's a pretty fair score for a guy playing someone else's game.

"I like to run one or two miles a year to test my conditioning," Wohlhuter says. "And like everyone else I guess I'm caught up in the mystique of it. That's where the real glamour is. But basically I'll always be a half-miler. Anyway, everybody tells me that when I run the mile I'm tackling a man's game."

Perhaps. But that isn't stopping the world-record holder for the half mile (1:44.1) and the 1,000 meters (2:13.9)—and the 1974 Sullivan Award winner—from aiming for the 800-1,500 double at the Olympic Trials this June in Eugene, Ore. There are those who think Rick Wohlhuter is making a serious mistake. One of them is Jumbo Elliott, the Villanova coach who had brought his world-record distance medley relay team to Louisville for a shot at the indoor version of the record.

"I'd rather see him stick to just one event," says Elliott. "Especially now that they are running the Trials on the same



For the man who is the world-record holder in the 880, the easier part of the mile comes first, as he demonstrated last week in Louisville

Wohlhuter's better half

south nine-day schedule as the Olympics. It's just too many races. Before 1968 you had at most semifinals and finals. Now there will be a preliminary heat in each distance. I've seen more than one guy try to double, then fail in one and break down mentally in the other."

It is extremely difficult, however, to imagine Wohlhuter breaking down mentally after anything. He came from near obscurity and Notre Dame to make the 1972 Olympic team, only to fall in his first 800 heat at Munich. Undaunted, he rose with his body bruised but his ego intact. Later someone asked him how he liked the track. "It's nice to fall on," was his answer.

"People still ask me what I tripped over and I still tell them what Red Smith wrote, because it is still the best answer,"

Wohlhuter says. "He said I tripped over a sunbeam. That must have been it, because I sure don't know. I just remember that all of a sudden I was down. First I looked up at the crowd. Then I looked at the other runners and they weren't waiting for me. After that I had a good time. I drank a lot of good German beer and I didn't have to do a lot of running."

Returning home, Wohlhuter went to work as an agent for Massachusetts Mutual Life in Chicago. Then he went back to the track and in 1973 lowered the world half-mile mark to 1:44.6. The following year he was nothing short of sensational, winning 22 straight races and setting the record in the 1,000 meters while lowering his own record in the half. For that *Track & Field News* selected him

continued

its Athlete of the Year and the AAU honored him as the best amateur athlete of 1974.

"I'm always glad to see a track man get an award like that," Wohlhuter says, "especially if it is me. Stuff like that kind of tells me that what I am doing is right, to keep on. Or maybe it is telling me to quit while I'm ahead. But the nicest thing about the Sullivan Award is that you can only win it once. You don't have to worry about coming back and winning it again. Now I need to get a name that everyone can remember. Wohlhuter is too tough. I need a name like, well, I saw a great one the other day."

"What was it?"

"I don't know. I thought it was great when I saw it, the kind people would never forget. But I forgot what it was."

With his dry sense of humor, Wohlhuter is a rate man, one who can laugh at himself, and he enjoys it even more when there are others to laugh with him. Yet, for all his good-naturedness, Wohlhuter is no one's fool.

Last year he balked at an opportunity to play straight man. "Bill Cosby, who was filling in on the *Tonight Show* for Johnny Carson, wanted me to run with him on a treadmill," Wohlhuter says. "I got to thinking about it and I realized no one would be turning the show on to see me. They wanted to see Cosby. I would only be the butt of his jokes. Heck, he could have some gorilla running on the treadmill. I said, no, thank you."

The most famous Fighting Irish track star since Greg Rice always seems to know where he is going. In the eighth grade he decided he wanted to be on the track team, and ran the sprints, long-jumped and high-jumped—anything to win a spot. Gradually he settled into the half mile, where he was outstanding enough to get countless scholarship offers.

"It was heady stuff, but I knew even then I couldn't run forever," he says. "It was nice just knowing someone would pay for my education, that it wouldn't be a financial strain on my parents. I decided that since I wouldn't be ruining the half mile when I was 50, I had better get something out of college. Notre Dame was an easy choice. You get a great education and, later, having gone there is good for business."

"He plans ahead. He knows exactly what he is doing all the time," says Ted

Haydon, Rick's coach now that he runs for the University of Chicago Track Club. "In December he sent me his entire indoor schedule. But he was sick with the flu and a cold in January and we had to make one change. Originally he had planned to run the mile at Indiana before the Millrose Games. Instead, he ran a shorter race there and switched the big one to here. Just this morning we were laughing about it. I've never seen him run a mile over four minutes. He picks his spots and knows exactly what he can do."

In 1975 Wohlhuter ran his third mile of the outdoor season in Jamaica. Before the race a pool was arranged, with everyone putting up \$1 to pick who they thought would win and in what time. Wohlhuter picked himself in 3:53.8.

"I hit my time right on the nose," Wohlhuter says, "so they gave me a \$50 rebate. I wasn't exactly accurate on the winner."

That was the night Filbert Bayi lowered the world record to 3:51. Just behind him came Marty Liquori (3:52.2) and Eamonn Coghlan (3:53.3). Wohlhuter finished fourth. Later he ran a mile in the USTFF championships in Wichita, and fully expected to break Bayi's mark. "He doesn't lack for self-confidence," says Haydon.

"I went for broke and it was me that got broke," Wohlhuter says. "It was a perfect day at a great facility. The record was within reach. And when the race was over I was glad my insurance policy was paid up because I thought I was going to die." He had run 3:53.3. "I remember trying to get across the infield to pick up my award and I went at least halfway on my knees. But I'm planning on going for broke again at Wichita this year." In 1975, Wohlhuter was overshadowed in his specialty by Kenya's Mike Boit, who beat him in six of eight races, but Wohlhuter had eight marks below 1:46.0, an outstanding performance. He arrived at Louisville's Freedom Hall two hours early last Saturday. "We don't run until 10:05," he said in mock complaint. "I've blown the whole evening. Still, it's better than Italy. Over there you run the mile in outdoor meets at 11:30 at night."

Turning to teammate Ken Popejoy, a millerunning the half, he said, "Hey, I'm bored. Let's go home. Lord, look at the Villanova relay team. Are they hyper. I'm going to cut short my warmup to watch them run."

Which he did, and Villanova didn't disappoint him. With Mark Belger leading off in the 880, Elliott's speed machine broke on top. Belger (1:50.4), Glenn Bogue (49.3 in the 440), late substitute Phil Kane (2:56.7 for the 1,320) and Coghlan (4:02 in the mile) lowered the University of Pittsburgh's world record by 1.4 to 9:38.4.

"A tremendous time," said Wohlhuter. "Now I'd better get ready. Where are my goggles?"

"Your what?"

He broke up. "Well, I really don't have them yet. What I want to do is get one of those old leather flying helmets with goggles. Just walk up to the start, flip the goggles down and say, 'Let's go.' Or maybe wait until the gun lap and then flip them down. Wouldn't that blow everybody's mind?"

He went back to the warmup area, and Popejoy came out to finish second in the half behind Ken Schappert. Then someone told him he had better get ready.

"What for? Popejoy still has to run. He ran? When? Geez, I thought I still had 20 minutes. Well, it would have been a nice relaxing evening."

After a quick look at his rivals, Wohlhuter decided not to wait for someone else to set the pace. "If I do we may be out there all night," he said. He led from the gun and sped past the quarter in 59.1. At the half he heard the public-address announcer say, "1:59.7." Oh, oh, he thought, too slow. He believed he quickened the pace, but he fell off to 3:01.2 at the three-quarter mark. Coming out of the last turn he glanced up at the clock, which read 3:57. With 50 yards still to go.

When the race was over he said, "Well, we can go home. Geez, they gave me a 4:03.8. Not even the lousy meet record. Can you believe that? But I knew I was in trouble when the crowd was quiet."

Popejoy came over. "How do you feel?"

"Like a few beers. How do you feel?"

"Stupid. You're going to have to give me a lesson on how to get around Mark Winzenried. He's big out there."

"And smart," said Wohlhuter. "He's got all that experience. That's just how I see the Olympics. After everything else is done, it's going to be the same old guys plugging at each other in Montreal. Now if I can just stay on my feet in that first heat."

END



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No man is an Islander

Seems they're all kids out there,
with Bryan Trottier chief rookie

sharing penalty-killing duties, the Islanders are fourth in shorthanded goals (7).

If Trottier looks good on the stat sheets, he is even better on the ice. He cruises the rinks like a barracuda, lunging fearlessly into the corners when the need arises, and he is almost never out of position. "He makes things happen," says General Manager Bill Torrey. "He's solid. You can't knock him off the puck. We're a position team, and he plays our style perfectly."

Square and solid at 5'11" and 195 pounds, Trottier is still growing. That is not unusual on a team where 10 of the 20 players on the roster came directly from junior hockey, all but three of the original player-pool expansion picks having been traded for draft choices. "I've always wanted to have a young team, so we can grow up together," says Torrey. "If you're 22 you're a veteran on this club."



YOUNG TROTTIER WEARS HIS AGE ON HIS SLEEVE

Those teenyboppers of the NHL, the New York Islanders, are giving their elders all they can handle again this season and there have been rave reviews for 19-year-old Center Bryan Trottier, the latest kid hero.

- He's a surprisingly clever player—Cliff Fletcher, general manager, Atlanta Flames.

- My assistant coaches tell me that he's an instinctual player, so cool under fire you'd think he was 30—Fred Shero, coach, Philadelphia Flyers.

- The finesse he brings to the game is amazing. You can't learn it. Denis Potvin, Islander defenseman and 1974 Rookie of the Year.

Trottier, the leading scorer among first-year players and front-runner for 1976 rookie honors, is the fulcrum on which the Islanders are leveraging their current Stanley Cup hopes, but he hasn't been swept away by the adulation. "I don't think I've got any more instinct for the game than the next guy," he says in a Gary Cooper drawl redolent of his native Saskatchewan plains, where a man's got to do what a man's got to do even at 19. "All I know is that I started playing hockey late, at the age of nine, and my dad told me what to do, and if I didn't, I got my butt kicked." So much for instinct.

Results are another matter. At week's end, Trottier's 20 goals and 43 assists for 63 points—10th best among all NHL scorers—put him 19 points ahead of the nearest rookie, Detroit Winger Michel Bergeron. Trottier tied the Islanders' single-game record by scoring a hat trick and getting two assists in the second game of his NHL career, against Los Angeles last October. Because of his fire power, the Islanders have become more offense-minded. Until this season the team's meat and potatoes were the powerful Potvin brothers, anchoring a disciplined defense, and stingy goaltending. They still are, but now there is some gravy. With the Trottier-Clark Gillies-Bill Harris line as the heart of their power play today, the Islanders lead the league in goals scored when an opponent is shorthanded (71). And with Trottier

"I haven't been this busy since I was 15 and playing five hockey games a week for Swift Current, Val Marie and Climax back home," says Trottier. He certainly wasn't awed last week when he matched up with Ranger superstar Phil Esposito at Madison Square Garden. "I won a couple of faceoffs from him," said the rookie matter-of-factly.

Now armed with three solid lines, a formidable defense and superb goaltending, the Islanders are a solid second to division-leading Philadelphia, the Stanley Cup champions, trailing them by 10 points early this week.

Realists do not expect the Islanders to outscore the Flyers anytime soon, but Trottier and the rest of the kids are selling out the seats in Nassau Coliseum and putting on a good show. What's more, the No. 2 candidate right now for Rookie of the Year is Islander Goalie Glenn Resch, a senior citizen of 27. Having played only 25 games last season, including a stunning, three-game winning performance in the semifinal playoffs against the Flyers, Resch is eligible for the rookie award. This season he has a line 2.09 goals-against average, second only to the 1.94 of the Montreal Canadiens' Ken Dryden.

With triggerman Trottier providing five goals and seven assists, the Islanders recently achieved a team-record 10-game defeatless streak, but some of the victories were squeakers. "That stuff won't cut it in the playoffs," warns Coach Al Arbour. "They get more than one chance at you there. We have to play our positional game, not get into a shootout." But if it does come to a shootout, Bryan Trottier is handy to have around.

Al Arbour. "They get more than one chance at you there. We have to play our positional game, not get into a shootout." But if it does come to a shootout, Bryan Trottier is handy to have around.

In moments of relaxation the rancher's son strums a guitar and sings. "They're gonna put me in the movies, they're gonna make a big star outta me."

That remains to be seen. What is certain is that when the ice melts in the spring and Trottier has gone home to back bay and herd cattle on his dad's 960 acres, Arbour's Clearasil Kids will have done something youthful, and probably amazing.

ENO



With man's aid, the future looks brighter for the whooping crane

Promise in Dawn's wake

How many people does it take to artificially inseminate a whooping crane?

"Three. One physiologist to administer the insemination and two people to hold the crane down," says Dr. Ray Erickson, not telling a whooping crane joke.

Last spring, on the 29th of May, at 7:20 a.m. a whooping crane chick whose mother had been artificially inseminated, broke the last wall of shell and fell into the world. The chick, wet-matted and dazed from the rigors of hatching, blinked while a man from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service kept his movie camera whirring.

The only other observer, Dr. James Carpenter, a member of the staff that had planned the first hatching of a whooping crane from an artificially inseminated

Dr. Kopler studies 20 cranes at Patuxent, hoping for one more.

bird for eight years, watched with awe.

"It was an exciting moment," he said without excitement, like an astronaut austere detailing a landing. "This was what the program had been working toward for 10 years."

The whooping crane hatched at the Patuxent Endangered Wildlife Research Center near Laurel, Md., was the result of a \$166,500-a-year federal program to study whooping cranes and try to make more of them. The \$166,500 also pays for the maintenance of the winter station at Texas' Aransas Wildlife Refuge. It does not seem an outrageous sum, but when questioned about

the amount, an official of the Fish and Wildlife Service said, "Ooh, I was afraid you'd ask that. Would it be enough to say, 'A lot'?" However, he then proceeded to precisely dismantle the figure, and the budget contains nothing suspiciously large in such bureaucratic catch-all categories as "contingency" and "other."

The Patuxent center, 355 acres of undulating woods and low grassland, itself seems to be trying desperately to hide from spreading suburbia, but that is getting harder. The plywood condos and 31 Flavors of Roast Beef stands are closing in. Highway 197 leads out of Laurel toward the center, dipping and narrowing through tree walls of shade. Then, about three miles from town, the land gets subtly less tidy, though hardly wilderness, and soon Patuxent's timid sign comes up on the right, like a thin hitchhiker, and points you through the gates to a drive lifting with the hillside. At the top of the hill the woods part for green lawns and red brick houses. Patuxent resembles nothing so much as a small and richly endowed campus.

There, Dr. Ray Erickson oversees the Endangered Species program. His manner is kind and unalterably calm. Entering the center one week after the first artificially inseminated whooping crane egg

had hatched, one expected some celebration, but the air was sober.

"Actually, we're ecstatic," Erickson said. "It's just that we're not a very excitable group."

As a matter of fact, Erickson wasn't even at Patuxent for the hatching but up in Canada participating in a whooping crane egg-gathering expedition at Wood Buffalo National Park in the Northwest Territories. Whooping cranes nest there, 10 miles from the nearest road, in a spot so rugged that the only place a helicopter can land is on one of the small blue ponds that dot the area. Following the expedition, Erickson had flown to Gray's Lake, Idaho and placed the eggs in the nests of sandhill cranes, which are in no danger of extinction.

"The sandhill cranes become the foster parents and raise the young whoopers in the wild," Erickson explained. He called this benign manipulation of nature "cross-fostering" and said it was working. Proof came a few weeks later when nine whooping cranes were hatched and adopted by sandhill foster parents.

Erickson has been with the Endangered Species program since 1956, when he was granted \$2,000 for wire and fenceposts and access to the staff of the wildlife refuge at Monte Vista, Colo. Those were difficult days for whooping cranes and for those who wished to save them, seasons filled with venomous exchanges between the protectionists and the propagandists. The former preached retrenchment, "Let's not try new and untested methods to save the cranes. Instead, let's do more of what we've been doing and we'll be all right." Propagandists advanced bolder measures, which their critics claimed bordered on recklessness. "Let's take all the whooping cranes into captivity," said the propagandists, "and, using standard techniques, produce more birds than could possibly be produced in the wild."

Erickson remembers that "It got very hot. Things were very polarized. A lot of personal attack. Rancor. It got ugly." His own moderating voice suggested that they test propagating ideas on the plentiful populations of sandhill cranes, but he knew that ideas, too, can die in an angry climate, so he withdrew his to the safety of his files and bided his time. "It just wasn't the right environment for objective debate. Very hostile," he recalls.

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He waited four years until the Kennedy administration invited scientists to express new ideas for preserving whoopcranes. "I simply used that as a vehicle to re-express this old idea," Erickson says, "and it took hold."

The sandhill stock was moved to Patuxent in 1966, and Erickson at last got real money for buildings and staff.

The success of the sandhill project finally led to last year's attempt to artificially inseminate a whooping crane. Still, Patuxent hopes only that one day there will be 100 to 200 whooping cranes in the wild, a figure that sounds modest and still quite vulnerable. But there were never very many whooping cranes, only 1,500 or 2,000 before the species dwindled to 15 in 1941. (At last count it was up to 84, 23 in captivity.)

Although cranes know whether they're male or female, there is absolutely no way for scientists attempting to propagate the species to distinguish sex by external characteristics. For a while, some observers felt that the size and pattern of a red spot on the crane's head gave evidence, but the red-spot theory dissolved with further study. Size showed promise of serving as a means of differentiation, but there are big females and small males. . . .

So, to be sure, you must *hear* a crane's sex. At the age of 1½ to two years, identifying mating calls rise from throats uniquely angled. The male begins with a low, long sound while his neck stiffens to the sky, almost straight up and down. The female answers, giving off shorter, higher bursts, her neck pointing at a 45- to 60-degree angle.

The first breeding season is taken up mostly with a repetitive show of great, majestic preening that leads to nothing more than another date. Dr. Cameron Kepler, the center's tall, bearded behaviorist, says, "Often a bird is physiologically capable of reproduction, but he's not behaviorally capable of mounting a female. The best thing you can do to aid the breeding timetable is find compatible mates as quickly as possible. Just give them to each other. Let them get to know one another. Cranes pair for life."

"For the first few months of a crane's life," adds Kepler, "humans must be careful not to come in contact with them excessively. There's always a risk that the bird will accept humans as its parents, and it then becomes 'imprinted'

on people. That means when it comes time to choose a sexual partner, the bird will choose *you*. Imprinting is a common phenomenon and a waste of the animal, really."

From the moment the artificially inseminated egg lay in promise last year, strict security prevailed at Patuxent. Only three staff members were allowed to come in contact with the chick.

After the unprecedented hatching, Kepler, one of the three, watched the chick to see that it acted the way young whooping cranes are supposed to act. He almost saw the hatching, but left the egg two hours before the chick had completed its work. By that time much of its body was free and the bird, wearing its shell, its legs pedaling the air, looked like one of those TV commercial creations—a jar of mayonnaise or mustard with human limbs. It was 5:30 in the morning, and Kepler went home to bed.

The new crane was born with crooked toes, but Carpenter was hopeful that it would survive. By the time the bird was a week old, it was eating well. "We're not really sure what the source of the deformity is," Carpenter said at the time. "It might be dietary. It might be a hereditary predisposition. It might be a problem it had in the shell itself." But the situation with the toes nagged him. Carpenter finally taped them up. "We removed the tape after two days," he said, "and I think they were probably somewhat improved, but still crooked. We were going to retape the next day, but the next day the bird wasn't quite as active."

"Why?" he was asked.

"Enteritis. It has developed some enteritis and we are treating it for that. It is also somewhat dehydrated. We detected the enteritis because it had a mottled posterior vent."

"Are cranes difficult to treat?"

"Very difficult," he said. "Difficult to deal with because they're so small. The chick weighed about 200 grams. Plus the fact that they're endangered, which makes you overly cautious, knowing that the world's watching this bird."

"What about the toes? Will the crane be all right?"

"Fine. He'll get along real well. Some of our cranes have very crooked toes. He'll be fine, although not quite as appealing cosmetically."

Carpenter then offered a tour of the working grounds, which slope away from

the lawns where the administration buildings sit. There was a sense of moving further into hiding. The landscape changed with each turn of the road, first low swamp, then sedate pasture. Carpenter steered the wagon up a small hill through knee-high weeds. Workers had delayed their noisy mowings in deference to the mating season. The car passed a large wooden sign that read ENDANGERED WILDLIFE RESEARCH beneath a cartoon drawing of a whooping crane winking slyly, as if things were in good hands. Carpenter stopped before a fenced-in area where low wooden buildings sprouted like tilting stumps out of the tall grass. Patuxent's 16 adult whooping cranes live there, including the parents of the chick. The parents were named 11 and 13. The chick was named Dawn. A few of the tall white cranes were outside, moving delicately through the grass. One crane stood alone near the fence.

"That's the female who's imprinted on Dr. Kepler," said Carpenter. "She won't have anything to do with the male cranes just Dr. Kepler." She moved, miserable and in love, closer to the fence.

Carpenter drove on a more primitive path to a small white building that looked like a mobile home taking root. "This is the hospital," he said. Several wood and wire pens surrounded the hospital, filled with endangered casualties. A one-winged osprey flapped epileptically in the dust, furious with its loss of symmetry.

"I had to amputate the wing," Carpenter said. "It'd been shot and the wing was fractured in several places. It'll be fine."

From a larger pen came a burst of staccato shrieks, like a wounded pneumatic drill. "That's our black-footed ferret," said Carpenter. "He's diabetic. He's being given insulin and he's looking a lot better."

In the hospital, Dr. George Gee was working at his desk in a lab. Gee is the physiologist, the man who artificially inseminates the whooping cranes. "There are certain sensitive areas on the crane," Gee said. "You stroke their saddle and their stomach and you stroke the thighs. Then you repeat the same stroking when you drop the sperm into the female. It's nothing revolutionary. Large poultry producers have been doing it for years. Actually, cranes are easier than chickens because they're so much bigger. You can just stick a crane's

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CONSERVATION *continued*

head between your legs to hold it."

Carpenter drove to a buff-colored brick building and stopped the car. "The new crane's in there," he said. He made no move to show the premises. Inside, lamps heated the air to 95°. The floor of the crane's world was covered with pine shavings, and the chick could chew dry mash from a red dowel suspended above its head. If the building's power failed, a backup generator would immediately go on, and any time power was off for more than 20 seconds, phones would begin ringing in the homes of Patuxent personnel. A few minutes of chill would kill the chick. Even then, a week into its brief life, its toes still gnarled and its vent still matted, with five turkeys to keep it company, you had to wish the chick all kinds of luck.

As things turned out, it needed far more. A few days after Carpenter's tour, the crane began to move unsteadily about its pen, tipping drunkenly at times. Dawn was knock-kneed. Some cranes blithely accept leg problems, but there were additional complications at work here. Over the next few days, the right leg began to twist radically, as much as 160° with certain movements. Patuxent's staff knew that the bird would soon begin to deteriorate unless its leg could be straightened, and on June 11 the center released a bulletin. "We stated that we were very concerned," says Carpenter, "and we even mentioned that the bird might not make it. In other words, we knew it was time to prepare people, because we realized it was looking awful bad for Dawn."

After two more days, the bird had begun to refuse food and fell into a stubborn immobility. Gradually the turkeys were removed from its pen. The staff met all day, decided finally to tape its legs together, in the faint hope that the limb might heal. "Some birds had been able to walk and feed with their legs taped together," says Carpenter. "But Dawn couldn't or just wouldn't try."

As a last hope, the crane was placed on a raised padded platform that allowed its legs to hang freely through an opening. It nested there on soft cushions, and food and water were within reach, but the bird did not improve.

"I left at about 10 that night," says Carpenter, "and the chick just didn't look a bit good, and we all realized it would probably be dead by morning." It was. Carpenter's postmortem found

continued



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a loose right hip joint and leg bone twisted 45 degrees. The autopsy also revealed that Dawn was male.

Carpenter and the rest of the staff seemed to show more gloom at the death than they had shown excitement at the hatching. But, sounding a bit like a defeated football coach, Carpenter said, "We are looking forward to next year. They've had no leg problems, for instance, with the nine young cranes born at Gray's Lake. So perhaps there's something in our incubation procedure that's causing leg problems."

"And of course there's the factor of stress. Any animal under stress has a tendency to go off food. And there's really nothing you can do about it. We tried to encourage Dawn, but by the time we'd immobilized him I think he'd kind of given up. Stress is hard to describe, but it's really a factor in the mortality of these animals."

This spring at Patuxent they plan to follow precisely last season's regimen, for Erickson and his staff now believe

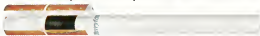
that the cause of Dawn's death was principally congenital. "All you can do with that kind of deformity is give the bird as much support as possible," he says. In addition to further efforts at rearing chicks hatched as a result of artificial insemination, Patuxent will continue its attempts to breed its captive birds. In a couple of weeks the lights will be turned on in the breeding pens. As always, the center's staff will fool the birds a bit, simulating proper breeding temperatures and sun patterns which don't begin in their native Canada until May. And like cruise directors on an ocean voyage, they've sensed some new romantic chemistry and rearranged a few couples, so they'll have a pen filled with consenting adults.

Breeding should begin about six weeks after the lights go on, and as eggs are laid they'll be removed to incubators for approximately 30 days, until they hatch. Erickson hopes that at least three of his seven pairs are old enough and in the mood, but he has no predictions

and makes no claims. "How many eggs are you actually hoping for?" he is asked. "Any," he says.

Across the country whooping cranes are responding admirably to experiments that might save them. The orphaned whoopers that were taken as eggs from Canadian nests and given to sandhill cranes in Idaho have adjusted well and followed their foster parents to south central New Mexico for the winter. A total of 57 whooping cranes flew south this year, compared to 49 last winter. Erickson feels rightly encouraged by those numbers. At Patuxent, a "surplus" female will be shipped this week, like a mail-order bride, to San Antonio, where she'll perhaps mate with the only male whooper reared in the wild that has successfully bred in captivity. And out behind Snowden Hall in Patuxent center they're lighting the breeding pens, bringing the sun and heat of a Canadian May to the Maryland hills. All that man can do has been done. "It's up to the birds," says Erickson. AND

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EVERYBODY GETS INTO THE ACT

BY FRANK DEFORD



One night several years ago, in a time when Rick Barry still roamed the land, a prince kissed by cupidity and turned into a red, white and blue franchise, Franklin Mieuli threw back another Pimm's Cup and mused on that great day a-comin'. Mieuli, who favors neo-Sherlock Holmes raiment, is an enchanting bearded eccentric who owns the Golden State Warriors basketball team—owns it, one might say, in the way Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor own one another; that is, legally, but whimsically, and for many of the wrong reasons. "These are the kind of days I start thinking about Utopia," Mieuli allowed at that time.

And just what might Utopia be?

"Utopia," Franklin Mieuli said, "is the day when everything runs your way, only you don't have to run it." He was flat-out counting on Utopia. Most of us will gladly settle for .500 ball, but Mieuli has always been a dreamer, and, as you know, dreams can come true. And so

continued

Golden State has no bench as such; it substitutes wholesale. Top row: Dickey, Mullins, Wilkes, Smith. Second row: Assistant Coach Roberts, Hawkins, Williams, Coach Attles. Seated: Davis, Ray, G. Johnston, Barry. Front: C. Johnston, Dudley.



it was that Utopia did indeed come to the province of Golden State not long ago, and, that duly obtained, now Mieuli is preparing to go sailing around the world on some kind of Chichesterian quest. His beloved team is champion of the world, its future without horizons, and where before there had been a heavy air of despair and the sense that somehow things were going to get worse, a strange kind of peace now reigns.

Now, even in their hideous uniforms, where stars, circles and maps compete for billboard space with names and numbers, the Warriors are much more than just the best team in basketball. They appear to be the logical model for success in the game today. Of course, in the zircon world, flacks feel obliged to elevate every small success to the universal: remember the Kansas City Chiefs' offense of the '70s? Or, how could any man born of woman stay in the ring with Sonny Liston... with George Foreman? So there is a reluctance to assign lasting significance to the Warriors. Notwithstanding, the Warriors have clearly gotten on to something, and other teams are beginning to follow their example: Atlanta, most surely; also Phoenix and Milwaukee. And one wonders whether Bill Russell would have dared to unload the talented but deliberate Spencer Haywood unless the Warriors' concept of quick, balanced team play had been revealed to work.

Golden State offers nothing particularly new—just a whole that is larger than the sum of its parts. The elements have all been employed elsewhere. "We were just like the Warriors last year," says Butch van Breda Kolff of the New Orleans Jazz. "We played nine/10 guys all season, too, but we were a last-place team, so nobody took any notice of us." The difference is that the Warriors' yo-yo substitution policy is only a foundation, the basis for the team's style and spirit. Built upon it is a hell-for-leather offense, a pertinacious, gambling team defense, balanced, unpredictable scoring and a verve born of perpetual effort. Nobody (except Barry, occasionally) is permitted to play tired, perhaps because of that, few Warriors ever get hurt. And never before have quickness and selflessness—fire and water—been so well blended.

The Warriors have borrowed the best from the best two



Guard Gus Williams, out of USC, could be Rookie of the Year.

teams ever to play in the NBA: the Russell Celtics and the 1969 Knicks. But the Celtics depended utterly on one man, and the Knicks were a unique blend of five good-shooting ball handlers (four guys who had played guard and a center who had played forward), a unit that could not be recreated any more than could the Marx Brothers or the Continental Congress. The crux of the Golden State is that the parts are interchangeable. No team is as quick as the Warriors—they may also be more intelligent than any other team—but the ideal that Coach Al Attles has established is one to which any team can reasonably aspire. It is not just a matter of climbing

on a winner's bandwagon. The Warriors are seminal, an idea whose time has come. Their example will permeate all levels of basketball and could even extend to other sports.

Along the way, they have destroyed shibboleths. Their players, for example, fit into no carefully designated slots, as players are supposed to. "People come to assume things," Attles says. "You must have one shooting forward and one big rebounding forward. You must have one big center. You must have a lead guard and an off guard. Pretty soon everybody just accepts stereotypes instead of wondering why things work. I finally decided, if I'm not successful, let it be because I failed on my own, not because I did something the way it was supposed to be done." Attles has four guards he uses seemingly at random, two centers who share time about equally and forwards that are all slim, stylish types, none of them a monster.

It has been the mark of championship teams to get ahead and control the game from on top—and that is why the best teams are often the dullest. The Warriors are distinctive in that they play off the other fellow. They don't say, "come and beat us," they go out and chase down victory. Their trademark is coming from behind, which is downright heretical for a champion. Once this year they came from 31 down, 17 in the last quarter. "You're going along together," says Phil Smith, the lean and hungry guard, "but then another bunch of us comes out to do the job, and you can see the other guys get tired." He shrugs. "And then we just get rid of them."

Finally, contradicting everything that everyone from Leo

Durocher to Woody Hayes has told us, the most important thing to the Warriors is not to snarl at the opposition but to be caring toward one another. That is the priority. Miesuli's men have traditionally tended to be pampered ("It's your job to coach 'em and my job to spoil 'em," he used to tell his coaches), but only with the present bunch has this corporate goodwill actually been turned into a kinetic force comparable, say, to speed or good shooting. Indeed, the future of the team depends more on whether this amazing grace can be maintained than on injuries, draft choices, foul trouble and all the usual stuff.

Unconsciously or otherwise, teams are formed in the image of those who construct them. Sonny Werblin's want Joe Namath's, and hard-noses like Fred Shero want hard-noses on the ice for them. Invariably, whenever a coach or manager fails, when it is said that the team "got away" from him, the fact of the matter is not that the boss was too hard or too soft but that he hadn't been able to bring the team's personnel into concert with himself, his personality. "Housecleanings," for this reason, are not so much seeking better players as they are the new wife getting rid of the old wife's furniture. The Warriors are a product that was shaped by the personalities of three men: Miesuli, Dick Vertlieb, the general manager, and Attles. They are, in order, Faith, Hope and Charity—although, of course, as the Bible tells us, "the greatest of these is charity." So, Al Attles:

† Hails from Newark, N.J. Now calls Oakland home. "Mister Nice Guy." Age 39. On the road he reads books and watches television. At home Al watches game films and stays with his family. He and his wife, Wilhelmina, have one son and an adopted daughter. When he stops coaching, Al wants to go into youth work. He doesn't drink or smoke. Favorite expression: "All ri-i-i-ight." Al boasts a deep voice. Starting his sixth full season as Warrior mentor. As player, was defensive stickout and team "sparkplug." Offensive "claim to fame": he was second-leading Warrior scorer the night in 1962 when Wilt Chamberlain made 100 against the Knicks.

Attles played with the Warriors, in Philadelphia and San Francisco, for 11 years. He started only occasionally, but he was never traded. Six coaches, two cities, three different owners—a journeyman, and he was never traded. That says



Center Clifford Ray, a veteran, sets the pace.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEVIER

a great deal. He hung on as he played, tenaciously, applying his mind and grit. Clifford Ray, the Golden State center, says of himself, "I'm the type of player who does a lot of things that other players don't like to do." That was the way his coach played, why he played at all.

Attles learned what it was like to be on the fringes. "I always understood that it is tough to be a real part of the team if you don't play," he says. "Besides, with the money these guys are getting paid now, you might as well play them. When everybody plays, when everybody knows they're going to play, there is more incentive. Because you want to play more when you get out on the floor, you do play more when you are out there."

Eventually, Attles got to be elder statesman, cagey veteran, and was made assistant coach to George Lee. When, in 1970, Miesuli decided to replace Lee, he turned, naturally, to Attles. Bill Russell and Lenny Wilkens were already coaching by then, but they were also starring for themselves. Attles was the first full-time black coach in big-league sports, for which he never stops crediting Miesuli. At the time, however, Attles did not want this job, this historical asterisk. He agreed to accept it reluctantly, to finish out the season, only after Lee himself had gone to Attles' house and pleaded with him to be his successor.

"I really didn't know if I had the patience, the temperament to deal with 12 guys," Attles says. "Basically, you see, I'm a loner. I don't have an awful lot of close friends." Perspective, above all, is what marks Attles—and what marks his team. On the whole squad, Attles says, only Barry and Ray are prey to their emotions.

Unlike a lot of coaches, Attles is under no delusion that he is a master of psychological legendarism. "Good people are what is so important," he says. "People tell me, 'Sure, this guy's a problem player, but he has great ability, and you can take care of him.' Why? Why should I think I can change somebody? You take one bad guy and pretty soon a whole team gets away from you." When the Warriors had a chance late last season to pick up a proven NBA regular at a position where they were weakest, they passed him over in part because he had a dubious personal reputation.

A basketball team is an intimate community. A sour wife—never mind a player—has been known to poison a whole club. Attles is black, coaching a virtually all-black

continued

team. (With a nod toward Barry, Clifford Ray once called the Warriors "The Golden Prince and His Black Knights.") But the racial makeup of the club does not necessarily work to Attles' advantage. What limited evidence we have so far about black coaches is that it is black players who try to take advantage of them. Attles' own growing pains as a young coach had nothing to do with race, only with age; he was reluctant to deal harshly with players who were his contemporaries.

Nate Thurmond, the towering All-Star center, blocked Attles' path to coaching maturity. To be fair to Thurmond, it should be underscored that it was his presence—not anything he did—that intimidated Attles. The coach admits now that he sensed he should have given more playing time to his reserve center, George Johnson, as he does now. But because Thurmond was supposed to be so much better, he doubted his own instincts. Thurmond was brittle, too, and lacked spontaneity in his play. There were always many wins with Thurmond but never any titles.

Mieuli adored Thurmond—and all the more so after the prodigal Barry left in 1967 to seek his fortune in the ABA for four seasons. Thurmond was charming, debonair, a gourmet cook and a gallant host, San Francisco incarnate; and Mieuli, from backyard San Jose, worships Baghdad by the Bay. For a time he cluttered up his team's uniforms with a sketch of the Golden Gate and the cloying inscription THE CITY. Barry's No. 24 THE CITY still hangs in Mieuli's office.

The irony, of course, is that Utopia never did arrive in San Francisco for Mieuli or Barry or Attles or the other hopeful Warriors. Since 1971 they have represented not the urbane hills of San Francisco but the city of Oakland, which, like the team, has always been slighted. And now even the name "Oakland" is becoming lost, submerged under that romantic zip-codian regional tag, "East Bay." While Golden State may sound like an insurance company, it is, with apologies, only a devious rendering of East Bay. That is what the Warriors are now. The games are played in East Bay, and the offices have just moved there, too. The players live in East Bay. Only 15% of the spectators come from San Francisco. And Nate Thurmond is gone; only his restaurant remains in The City.

The Warriors' '73-'74 season ended with a series of calamities, and when it was over, Mieuli, beaten and depressed, hired Dick Vertlieb to be his general manager. Then Mieuli stood back out of the way and watched as the new man unloaded Thurmond for Ray, a draft choice and cash. Then, one way or another, Cazzie Russell, Clyde Lee and Jim Barnett were gone, too, and Jeff Mullins was hurt. What remained at the beginning of last year appeared to be the leftovers. But together with the draft, they were, in fact, the heart of the artichoke, Attles' team: young, fast, bright, willing and lots of them.

Probably no man ever felt as ambivalent as Franklin Mieuli did when this team of his won the league title last spring. It was, on the one hand, the culmination of his dreams. He carried the NBA trophy around in his car, showing it off for his old buddies to see. But the championship, coming as it did in the very year he gave up management of the team, could also be read as his repudiation—and his friend Thurmond's, too. As generous as he is, no one has

ever heard Mieuli utter a complimentary word about the new front office regime. Having someone else do it meant, in the end, that only the shadow of Utopia fell upon him.

Vertlieb understands Mieuli. Mieuli gave him his chance to get back into the NBA, but if Mieuli cannot in his heart ever really relinquish his Warriors to another man, Vertlieb can appreciate the emotions involved. Vertlieb had been general manager at Seattle, but in 1973 he was an investment counselor and looking for some way to return to the sport. He found an angel willing to buy an NBA team, and he went after the Warriors. He met with Mieuli in a hotel room. As usual, Golden State was losing money. Mieuli's partners were looking to get out. Vertlieb asked him to name a price, and Mieuli named a high one.

Vertlieb went into an adjoining room and telephoned his banker. "Franklin wants \$X million," he said. "It's high but O.K. Why don't you add a million more? Then he can't say no." The angel agreed.

Vertlieb came back. Mieuli was sure he had priced him out. "All right," said Vertlieb. "You want X. We'll give you X and a million more."

The blood drained out of Mieuli's face. Terrified, he shook his head and almost ran from the room. He said, "I'm sorry. I can't sell my children."

While there is not between them the mutual affection that exists between Attles and Mieuli, Attles and Vertlieb share a common thread in their backgrounds. Attles went to Weequahic High in Newark, N.J., which was overwhelmingly Jewish; Philip Roth grew up as Portnoy there. Through elementary school, Vertlieb lived in the Boyle Heights section of Los Angeles, abutting Watts, where he engaged in playground sports. Both he and Attles may be described as upwardly mobile; they proceeded.

Only a series of flukes brought Attles into the NBA. He was an unknown fifth-round draft choice from North Carolina A&T at a time when few second-round picks made the league and blacks stuck only if they could start and had big-college-name value. Attles would not even have gone to pre-season camp if he had not given up a teaching job when he was drafted and then was caught with nothing to do when the service tagged him 1Y because of a slight injury. At the Warrior camp he had to beat out a handsome local Philadelphia hero, one Pickles Kennedy, to make the team. Attles asked for \$7,500 and settled for \$5,500. He has now been a member of the same NBA squad for 16 straight seasons.

At Attles is the soul of stability. He had played in the Bay Area for a decade before he stopped thinking of Newark as his home—and only then, he says, because he realized that his son was growing up in California and so California really must be his home.

Vertlieb's history is not dissimilar, at least in terms of determination and perseverance:

First saw the light of day in the "City of Angels." Dick was all-league high school hoop ace. Called "Pee Wee" then, "Richie" now by close friends. After college at Southern Cal, he roomed with Marty Milner and David Janssen! Was L.A. stockbroker. You'll often find Dick with a cigar in his mouth. Better half answers to Joan. One son, Adam. Got into NBA as business manager of SuperSonics, later "G.M." Dick's a southpaw.

continued

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Day-and-night driving, with daytime heat as high as 122°.

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explore in style, and call it safari.”**



**“We’d say, ‘Adventure!
Discovery!’ Our friends
would say, ‘Poison ivy!
Sore feet!’ We’d say,
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As Attles and the Warriors represent new types, so is Vertlieb the model of the modern sports executive. He knows basketball well as a game, but he is first of all a promoter and administrator. War is too important to be run by the generals; the Warriors' budget is \$3.2 million, about \$1.4 million of which pays the 12 players, Attles, his assistant Joe Roberts and the trainer. When Vertlieb took over, the Warriors were losing an average of about \$400,000 a year. Last year they broke even, with attendance rising to 8,799 a game. This year attendance is up to 11,684 a game, 90% of capacity in the small Oakland Coliseum Arena. Season-ticket sales have gone from around 400 in the 1973-74 season to nearly 3,000 under Vertlieb. Like Attles, the general manager runs his shop by his own book. He has a curious habit, for example, of giving extra tickets to season-ticket holders—not throwaways but the best seats for the best games. As a sure sign of both his genius and morality, Vertlieb has been voted down 17-1 at NBA meetings.

Vertlieb is, shall we say, violently enthusiastic. Once, at Seattle, he hurried over the scorer's table and onto the court to take on Gus Johnson, one of the strongest men in sports, who was tussling with Al Bianchi, the Sonics' coach. With one poke, Johnson sent Vertlieb flying to the other side of the court. He has ripped phones out of walls, put a fist through a wall, and so on. He can only watch his team play for a few moments at a time. "I ran on the court once this year during a pre-season game," he says, "so I don't let myself watch anymore because I end up making a fool of myself." Instead, after the tipoff, he roams the bowels of the coliseum, checks ticket booths 88 times, meanders through the parking lots, ostensibly to see if any car lights have been left on, and finally in desperation climbs in his car and drives the East Bay streets aimlessly. Not long ago, in the middle of a game, he ran out of gas. At last, like a bomb-squad detective gingerly defusing a big one, he reaches for the car radio. If the Warriors are safely ahead or well behind, he drives back to see the finish. If the game is close, he resumes his lonely voyages about East Bay.

Even victory can upset his delicate equilibrium. After the Warriors had won a playoff game last year, Vertlieb was given a ticket for making an illegal turn as he drove away from the arena. He went to court and pleaded "elation" as a defense, so flabbergasting the bemused judge that he let him off. Last spring, as the playoffs approached with the Warriors in a slump, Vertlieb went to the bank, drew out \$25,000 in big bills, brought them to the locker room and dumped them on the trainer's table. This was his idea of graphic inspiration. "I get very clichéd," Vertlieb admits sheepishly.

His problem is that as a child of the 1940s he still grants majesty to athletes and innocence to their games. In 1967 Vertlieb and his partner, Don Richman, took over management of the new Seattle SuperSonics. A decade later Vertlieb still cannot get enough of working in a major league front office. Richman is every bit as much a sports fan as Vertlieb, but after one year he became bored and disillusioned with the sports business and left it for good. The two offer a perfect illustration of the contrasting ways Americans look at sports today.

Richman, who left: "The challenge went out of it very quickly. I had built up these men who run basketball, who

run all pro sports, for that matter, but I found out that they were a very ordinary lot. It was so easy to succeed. Very quickly I began to think: Do I want to limit myself to this?"

"Besides, I started to sense the erosion in the relationship between athletes and management. It happened to be the first year of the ABA, and I could see what was coming. I wanted to run a team. It was certainly never my life's desire to work for athletes, and that's what you do in sports management today. Of course, that's not to say that the owners weren't just as greedy. You could see that quickly enough, too.

"Sports are fun. That's my perspective. They're games. Well, it's not fun anymore. There is no feeling for the institution."

Vertlieb, who stayed: "I probably respect athletes so much because I was not a good one myself. I've never been very creative. I'm a salesman, but I always wanted to do something. What impresses me the most is when a man is operating at the full potential of his talent. Well, athletes operate at a higher percentage of efficiency than most of us do. That's why they're special people to me. That horse that broke her leg—what was her name? Ruffian? That really hurt me, and I don't care about horses. But she was using her talent so, trying so. That's why she broke her leg, that's why she died.

"It was fashionable to say that if there got to be too many black players in the NBA, the whites wouldn't come out to see them. But you see, people appreciate talent. They appreciate that athletes are so special. When I was at SC, and I wasn't good enough to make the team, I worked as a spotter for the P.A., at the stats table, wherever. Athletes were just the people I've always wanted to be around."

Vertlieb was a big-time big-bucks broker at Merrill Lynch in L.A., but since the market closed at 12:30 on the Coast, he became an assistant coach at USC, then head coach at a prep school. Next he decided he had to get into sports full-time. His friend Richman, a writer and producer of commercials who had helped run the old AFL Los Angeles Chargers, agreed to come in as the general manager if they could buy a team. Just to get into the act, Vertlieb was satisfied to be the business manager, to handle all the details and dirt. Richman was the front man, and Vertlieb always pushed him out there as soon as he chased down an angel. "I'm not kiddin' you," he says. "I would go across the street if I saw a rich man, and stop him and say, 'How would you like to own a basketball team?'"

At various times, Vertlieb and Richman almost had three teams, but, finally, in 1967, Vertlieb found Gene Klein and Sam Schulman, who owned the San Diego Chargers, and the Seattle deal was made. Next year when Richman scurried back to L.A., Schulman settled for Vertlieb as the new general manager, but he never really accepted him. Vertlieb was the guy from the back office who drank his whiskey from shot glasses, whose tie always seemed to be knotted just where Schulman's friends' shirts were monogrammed. The arrangement never took. Vertlieb quit and went back to the game where they divide dollars into eighths. But right away he began looking for another high roller who might be willing to shoot for a hard-way six and buy him another NBA team to run.

One morning he heard that a guy named Harry Glick-

continued

man, who owned the expansion rights to Portland, was having a little problem, liquidity-wise. So Vertlieb called up one of his clients, a construction magnate named Herman Sarkowsky, and asked him if he was interested in a deal. Sarkowsky said what the hell. They got on a plane and went to Portland. At lunch Sarkowsky learned that this particular deal was an NBA team. He listened to the details, told Glickman what piece he would take and then beckoned for a phone.

Sarkowsky spoke to his office in L.A.: "How much in CDs we got on hand...? Good, O.K., listen to me. You take 500,000 of them and go to the Century Plaza and look up a guy named Kennedy. Uh, Walter Kennedy. All right, you give this Kennedy guy the 500,000. Hurry, I'll tell you later what we bought."

And so, baby, do they buy franchises in the NBA. But for his trouble, Vertlieb got only more brokerage business from Sarkowsky; he did not get the Portland basketball job. He didn't find his way back into the league for five years, until Mielzi turned to him. The fantasy that followed stunned everyone—Barry, for example, couldn't conceive that the Warriors could win until they were ahead in the finals—but Vertlieb not only admits to his surprise but also to his personal incompetence. It is his style to do that, to play the buffoon.

Don Richman says, "Richie has great rapport with athletes and coaches, and it's my lay opinion that much of this comes because he constantly denigrates himself. He's a throwback, you know—really a very colorful guy. But he works hard at not appearing colorful. All his life he has played this game of not being as sharp as he lets on. Don't let Richie kid you. He knew Thurmond was through, and when you come down to it, that's why they won the championship."

While Barry is certainly the mainstay of the Warriors, Ray, who came from Chicago for Thurmond, sets the tempo for the club. It is obvious enough that Barry and Jeff Mullins are the only white players, but this obscures the pertinent fact that they are also the only two guys on the team over the age of 27. The other Warriors average less than 25. Thus Ray, with five years in the league and all of 27 years old, seems almost venerable to some of the kids. He plays only about half a game, but his example of spirit is enormously pervasive.

No man reveals more of himself in the introductions than Clifford Ray. Announced, he rockets from the bench and in three huge purposeful steps he crashes to the foul line to join the other starters. A dark, menacing-looking man, long-bearded and strangely hunched, Ray resembles a great buffalo. By contrast George Johnson, his replacement at center, is pale, thin and long, with a fluffy Afro like the glorious comb of some bird. Johnson suddenly appears: a crane swooping into play. The sudden change from buffalo to bird discombobulates many opposing centers; the Warrior players believe that only one team in the NBA properly defends its big men.

There are, then, some advantages to being faceless. "I'll bet there are many teams that just don't have any idea how to guard, say, Derrek Dickey or Charles Dudley," Mullins says. The Warriors, at practice on the road, have laughed to discover that the opposing teams have left diagrams of Gold-

en State plays up on the blackboard—and got the plays all wrong.

The Warrior guards are the least noticed. None was a college celebrity, none a first draft choice. Attles helps them out by calling most plays from the bench. Of all the Warriors, Dudley, the fourth guard, is most like the portrait of the coach as young man. Like Attles in his salad days, Dudley has a high forehead, and a clear, open face and, like his coach, he had to struggle. He is known as Hopper, from the TV Kung Fu character.

The Warriors are very deep in nicknames. The Johnsons—George and Charles—are Newpie and Jack, the latter a trim little man with a beard so neat he appears to be out of a 19th century daguerreotype. Ray is known as Yo, which comes from his signaling stewardesses, "Yo, Hon." And there are Silk, Bubbles (rookie Robert Hawkins) and Sarge. It says all the more of him, then, that the second-year guard Phil Smith is just Phil or, increasingly, the more formal Phillip. Mullins compares him favorably to Jerry Sloan of the Bulls, a plunger, solid, industrious. But he is dour. Smith's mournful expression never changes, and when he is in the backcourt with Gus Williams, all of the attention is drawn to the rookie.

On Williams' puckish face there is always the sly hint that he is up to something mischievous. His halfback thighs bloom suddenly off thin legs, and he is conceded to be one of the quickest men ever to play in the NBA. There is a great deal of talk among the cognoscenti about how Williams plays the passing lanes, which means he makes a bunch of steals. Everything Williams does he does easily and with flair. He will be very famous as a basketball player soon. He wears uniform No. 1, and high-top sneakers with the laces tied in back. Eleven years ago Rick Barry brought tennis wristbands to pro basketball. If there is anything sure in this world, it is that the playground children of America will be wearing high tops and tying their laces in back by next season at the latest.

The bench forwards are the bearded Double Ds, Derrek Dickey and Dwight Davis, who support Barry and Jamaal Wilkes—Silk—the Rookie of the Year last season. A quiet, understated player, Wilkes is like a character in a novel whose true importance is not revealed until it is time for the message to be delivered or the princess rescued. While the Warriors pride themselves on their team defense, it was Wilkes who had to personally face Spencer Haywood, Bob Love and Elvin Hayes in the playoffs last year. Each of the three All-Star scorers had a big game against him early in the series, but that told him what he wanted to know, and thereafter they all folded, Haywood shooting .337 for the series, Love .384, Hayes .416.

Barry seems to have come to terms with himself. On the court he still rails at the referees, convinced that a conspiracy against him exists—twice already this year he has been thrown out of games—but he has lost that great passion he once had to get his hands on the ball. His scoring is way down, from 30.6 last year to 21.7, and now he concentrates more on passing, steering the ship, or just waiting in the wings until he is needed in a tight spot. A lot of great scorers have mellowed this way, rather like leading men adapting to character roles.

When the Warriors drafted Barry he was disparaged by

continued



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many scouts as "just another skinny white kid." College recruiters tend to categorize prospects as "playground players" or "suburban players." The best thing you can say about a prospect is that "he is a playground player with a suburban jump shot." Barry always was a playground player; that is, he played black. (By contrast, Wilkes is a classic suburban player.) In preseason sprints Barry proved he is still the fastest man on the team, but he does not drive for the basket as much as he used to, preferring instead to shoot outside. Barry has apparently decided, though, that when the other team gets in foul trouble the odds improve for the driver. Watch for him to take it in in the last stages of the quarters.

After a brief separation, Barry has patched up his marriage, and he and his wife, like the Attleses, have adopted a daughter. When a deal with CBS fell through last summer, Barry agreed to go on playing under a contract that had three seasons to run. He is an excellent commentator, one of the best of the jocks with a microphone, well-informed, articulate and candid on the subjects that matter to him.

Whether he is on the court, on the tube or just eating toast in a coffee shop, Barry invariably produces a strong impression on anyone who watches him. Usually the feelings are negative, for he carries a certain natural imperiousness that tends to put people off. It is a sensation hard to describe, but when most basketball players do something spectacular, it thrills the crowd because the athlete is excelling at the game. When Barry does something out of this world, the reaction is strangely different. The crowd does not give as much because somehow its primary response is not that Barry is excelling in a pure sense but that he is lordling it over the unfortunate opposition. Oscar Robertson was another who elicited that attitude.

Last year Barry had a simply incredible championship season. With his runaway enthusiasm, Vertlieb declares, "He had the greatest year of any athlete at any point in history," and if it was not quite that, Barry was still awfully good. Yet in the MVP voting, he finished fourth. He wasn't even in the hunt—an absolute travesty. In baseball, where the writers determine the MVP, black players have suggested that some recent white victors have been selected because of the bias of white electors. In the NBA, the MVP is decided by a vote of the players, and the league is predominantly black. Barry refuses, however, to attach any racial implications to his dismal vote total. "These kids all come together in college now," he says. "They're more subdued, and race just isn't that important. The MVP vote was just all personalities. That's all."

Meaning players don't like you?

"Yeah." He shook his head. "Listen, there are better things. I got my two oldest boys working as ball boys for the team. Nobody can imagine what a kick it was for me playing for the championship of the world, and to turn around at a time-out and get a drink of water from my own son. I saw the films, and there was this one time where I putted one of them on the head. Right there, in the middle of the game. What's a vote? Whoever had anything like what I had before? This team, this is the way I always thought it could be."

And so, even as the Warriors rush Rick Barry toward beatification, they move themselves to a class alone. They

have won one championship and currently have the best record in the league (perhaps soon they'll be far enough ahead not to mind if Barry take a couple games off to work the radio broadcasts, which he did last year when he was injured), but they are still too young to be anywhere near the height of their powers. They still tend to relax when they get ahead, letting lesser teams catch them off guard. "These guys are exceptional people," Ray says of his teammates, "and they play the way they are as people. They understand that the only concept in basketball is winning. But they're young, they're still searching. You see them sometimes, it appears they're trying to show off. But they're not trying to be fancy, they're just kids trying to emphasize what they have, trying to make an impression."

Of course, a team that depends so much on anything as ethereal as attitude is vulnerable in ways that more conventional teams are not. The Los Angeles Lakers, for example, are contenders every day that Kareem Abdul-Jabbar gets out of bed. But the Warrior balloon floats only because the gases are mixed just so. Golden State wins now because everybody is fresh, ambitious, willing. Everybody except Barry is unknown. But they are known together, and Barry aside, all make about the same kind of money. Will it work when Wilkes and Smith and Williams arrive at greatness? Will there be just as much to go around then? Will they still play 10 men a night? "Yeah, but success spoil Rock Hunter?" Barry says. "I get it. But listen, you can't have too many great players on a team. If you're a great player, you play team ball or you're not a great player. It's that simple. And if anybody changes his attitude, Al gets rid of him. It's that simple, too."

If Attles can continue to get his Warriors to drink his elixir, something wonderful and needed will have been brought to sports. So long have we prized all the sterile things in our games—efficiency and order—with victory and defeat reduced, one way or another, to chatter about turn-overs. Teams, more or less, do not exist anymore. In the pros there are organizations; in college there are programs. *This is a great organization. We've got to build up the program.*

"When I was at Seattle," Dick Vertlieb says, "I had the Vince Lombardi slogan up on the wall: WINNING ISN'T EVERYTHING, IT'S THE ONLY THING. I was so proud of that. Now I'm ashamed to tell you about it. I'm embarrassed. Winning is not the answer. Character, personality, effort—that is what I'm interested in. We will have won if each player can answer 'yes' to this question: *Did I work hard enough to make coming out worth the people's while?* And if I, if the front office, can answer 'yes' to that. We get so mixed up in this business, all of us. Most general managers think that you have giveaways—T-shirts, posters or whatever—in order to get the people to come out. No, no! You have the giveaways so that they will enjoy the evening. That's the point. You have to be competitive, but you don't have to win, and we'll all do better in sports when we understand that."

So, more than any pro team, the Warriors have been fashioned primarily out of love, out of the positive. "Of course," Vertlieb says, "you can go too far with this equality bit. All this speed and character. I don't ever want them to forget to go to Barry when it gets down to the wire."

END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 2-8

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA. Memphis, through their second upset, the New Orleans Jazz lost a career low game with 124 points to the Atlanta Braves. The Braves scored 121 points in a 108-104 defeat of Kansas City for the season's fifth straight win and P. J. Remy's 31st consecutive game with more than 30 points. The Jazz victory ended the Jazz pair Atlanta and won a third-place tie with Houston. Cleveland won its seventh game in nine starts, defeating Philadelphia 92-87 and moving its win-loss record to 12-10 in the Central leader. Then the Bulls dished the Cleveland on Sunday and Cleveland won 83-78 to share the lead in the Midwest. Detroit beat Atlanta 111-98 and then backed into the division lead when Milwaukee lost to Buffalo 109-104. But then the Bucks sent the Pistons, and won 106-96, regaining a one-game lead. Buffalo, 76 games behind Boston in the Atlantic, traded Gary Head and a 1975 second-round draft choice to Phoenix for John Sundrum. Sundrum scored 16 points and had 10 rebounds and 10 assists against Milwaukee, nearly duplicated his 17-point, 12-rebound first start in the NBA. The Bulls won in their 11th-111 defeat of Pacific leader Golden State. Portland defeated Seattle 100-100 to share third place and set a season record for straight wins. A San Jose to Golden State, 127-108, then kept the side Blazers sole possession of third. But Seattle's win the 10th defeat on 3-1 game.

ABA. Los Angeles maddled through another week in typical fashion, losing in overtime to New York. Denver 135-111 and dropping a game to Indiana 118-113. All the while the Utah Jazz kept the Virginia National Bank secured the Squires temporarily with a \$250,000 loan. San Antonio's 1975 season in its games against the Squires, played Nov. 28-198, James Self scoring 37 and breaking off 12 assists and George Carr adding 35 points as the Spurs mounted late comeback to defeat place Kentucky won its fifth game in six outings and ended the week in fourth place after beating St. Louis 110-99 with Arns Gedeon scoring 31 points and grabbing 21 rebounds. Pacer Billy Knight scored a career-high 46 points as Indiana lost to San Antonio 118-112, and combined with Los Angeles 36 points in a 115-116 defeat of Kentucky and 52 points in the win over Virginia. Seattle's late St. Louis was a non-descript Martin Luther King week 40 points in a 117-111 loss to New York.

GOLF—Defending champion JOHNNY MILLER shot a final-round low-90s for 63 for a 90-hole total of 246 to top Rick Masaragals by three strokes and won the Bob Hope Desert Classic in Palm Springs, Calif.

JAN STEPHENSON of Australia won her first LPGA event, clinching a two-over-par 218 to beat Sandra Haynie and Judy Musauer by one stroke at the Sarah Coventry Classic in Naples, Fla.

PRO HOCKEY—NHL. For Adams Division leader Boston its seventh win in a row came Tuesday, 3-1 over Pittsburgh. Dave Rea shooting out the Penguins for 44 minutes. But the next night, Toronto's Darryl Sittler scored six goals and assisted on four others in a 1-4 rout of the Bruins. Sittler's 30 points are an NHL record. A Buffalo won, 4-3 over Minnesota, brought the Sabres to within five points of the Bruins. In the Patrick Division, the Islanders, 10-1 in Philadelphia, beat the cross-town rival Rangers 5-3, for a club-record 10 consecutive unbeaten games (page 31). But the Flyers clinched their lead to eight points after an 8-2 defeat of St. Louis, in which Bobby Clarke scored his 20th career goal. Chicago ended a four-game losing streak with a 3-1 victory over Atlanta and led a turnover in the Smythe by 15 points after the Canucks had lost to the Sabres 7-1. Montreal deposited the Canadiens, but Pittsburgh traded second-place Los Angeles by 10 points after Jean Pronovost scored his 33rd and 34th goals in a 3-1 defeat of the Kings.

WFLA. After the Minnesota Fighting Stars retired that their prospects would be better, they voted not to make a road trip West. The club was told to sell the team for \$1 million (page 31). The Minnesota Fighting Stars, the Stars were WFLA after all and lost, then to West Division leader Houston, 6-4, then to the Los Angeles Sun Diego and Phoenix 4-1 and 4-0 and finished on fourth place. The Mariners and Redstarters were left to fight for second place. After the game in which Houston beat the Stars 5-2 and Phoenix beat Minnesota 3-3, the Redstarters were in second by 2 points. Cincinnati a franchise interest scored 31-20 in a defeat of Edmonton. Goaltie Paul Hogueon stopping only 34 shots and earning an injury four career shutouts. The team moved into Stingers' lead in the third place in the East, eight points behind New England, with Cleveland losing twice, 3-1 to Phoenix and 3-2

to San Diego, to fall into third. Winnipeg stayed atop the Canadian Division, and in a 7-5 defeat of Toronto. Jeff Anders, headlining and L.J. Nelson each had six points. Hedberg scored Nov. 18 and 29, Nelson scored on five and missed his 20th.

1978 WINTER OLYMPIC GAMES—BIATHLON. 20 kilometers—1) NIKOLAI KRUGLOV (U.S.S.R.), 2) Heikki Hiltunen (Finland), 3) Alexander Zaitsev (U.S.S.R.).

BOWLED. Two-man—1) NERMAK and GERMSHAUSEN (E. Germany), 2) Ziemmer and Schuch (E. Germany), 3) E. Schäfer and Beak (West/Germany).

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING. 5 kilometers. Women—1) HELENA TUKKALO (Finland), 2) Rana Smetana (U.S.S.R.), 3) Leah Podes (U.S.A.), 4) Yvonne (U.S.S.R.), 5) Yvonne, Men—1) NIKOLAI BAYIKOV (U.S.S.R.), 2) Yevgeny Belikov (U.S.S.R.), 3) ANTO KOSTOV, 5 kilometers. Men—1) SERGEY ZAITSEV (U.S.S.R.), 2) Bill Knut (U.S.A.), 3) Ivan Garmen (U.S.S.R.).

FIGURE SKATING. Pairs—1) ZAITSEV and KERNER (E. Germany), 2) Kagehara and Goto (E. Germany).

LUGE. Men—1) DETLEV GÜNTHER (E. Germany), 2) Josef Foidl (W. Germany), 3) Gerd G. (Germany), Women—1) MARGOT SCHUMANN (E. Germany), 2) Ute Rühoff (E. Germany), 3) Elisabeth Dörmann (E. Germany).

SKIING. Downhill, Men—1) FRANZ KLAMMER (Austria), 2) Bernhard Russi (Switzerland), 3) Herbert Plank (Austria), Downhill, Women—1) ROSI MÜTTERMAIER (W. Germany), 2) Brigitte Totsch (Austria), 3) Cindy Nelson (U.S.A.).

SKI JUMPING. Men's hill—1) HANS-GEORG SCHMIDT (E. Germany), 2) Jochen Dünnebier (E. Germany), 3) Karl Schranz (Austria).

SPED SKATING. Women, 500 meters—1) JESSE LA YOUNG (U.S.A.), 2) Cathy Prescher (Canada), 3) Yvonne Aasen (U.S.S.R.), 1,000 meters—1) ALEXANDRA, 2) Leah Podes (U.S.A.), 3) Yvonne (U.S.S.R.), 1,500 meters—1) GAILINA STANKAYAKA (U.S.S.R.), 2) Young, 3) Aasen, 1,000 meters—1) ALEXANDRA, 2) Aasen, 3) Aasen, 1,500 meters—1) ALEXANDRA, 2) Aasen, 3) Aasen.

SOULING. WILLIAM, a 41-foot deep slumped by Lowell North of San Diego, won the 40th St. Petersburg-Fort Lauderdale race as the Division Four class by one hour and 20 minutes on a scuffed time over Rattler, recording its second SIRC win in two years.

TENNIS—ARTHUR ASHE beat Brian Gottfried 6-2, 6-4 to net the \$60,000 WCT event in Richmond. **EVONNE COLLAPOUGH** won her second straight first round Virginia Wade, 6-3, 5-4, 6-4, and the \$75,000 Women's pro tournament in Alton, Ohio.

TRACK & FIELD—DAN RIPLEY bested his own world and world pole-vault record by an inch when he cleared 18' 2 1/2" at the Los Angeles Tarns Division Games. **VILLANOVA** set the American record in the 100-meter dash, cutting 1.4 seconds off the mark established by Pittsburgh in 1973 (page 4).

TADUSZ SLUSARSKI of Poland broke Ryley's one-day record with a vault of 18' 1" in Warsaw.

VIKTOR SANFELY equaled the world and world pole-vault record with a leap of 18' 3/4" at the Soviet indoor championships in Moscow. The 1984 and 1972 Olympic gold medalist broke the record of Mikolaj Jaschowski of Poland by 9".

MEDALS—ACCEPTED. By the NBA Players Association and owners, an all-around resolution of the current in the star-studded Oscar Robertson contract suit, including the draft and option clause (page 31).

PRESENTED. The Sullivan Award for the U.S. amateur athlete of the year to TIM STRAW, 18, of Long Beach, Calif., who set world records in the 400-, 800- and 1,600-meter freestyle events in 1977.

RESIGNED. Ohio State basketball coach JIM TAYLOR, 51, who in 18 seasons won seven Big Ten titles and the 1960 national championship.

UPHELD. By Federal Judge John W. Oliver in Kansas City, baseball's first free agent's attorney to declare pitcher Andy Messersmith and Dave McNally free agents (page 31).

DIED. MOODY RILEY, 65, who trained 27 winners, including Breckenridge, and was selected Figure Skating judge along with his son, trainer LeRoy Jolley, after heart surgery, in Honolulu, Fla.

FACES IN THE CROWD



KLANT FRIESENHAUER, 42, of Rockford, Ill., scored his 50th goal midway through the state's Amateur Hockey Association season. He has had six hat tricks and two four-goal games as center on the AA Peewee team of the Rockford Hockey Club.



BRUCE BRESIDA, a freshman at Oak Park-Kristen Forest (Ill.) High School, won the National Indoor Boys 14-and-under tennis championship in Chicago. He followed that victory with the 14-and-under title in the Orange Bowl tournament in Coral Gables, Fla.



TERRY BOONE, a sophomore at Shelby State C.C. in Memphis, is the nation's No. 2 junior-college scorer in basketball with a 28.9-point average in 19 games. The 6'2" guard's high game came against Eastern Arkansas C.C., he scored 47 points as the Saltnogs won 117-85.



HELEN SHREDA, a senior at Free Soil High School, broke all western Michigan basketball scoring records (for both boys and girls) with 1,551 points in four years. In her final season the 6'1 1/2" center averaged 33 points, 28 rebounds and 10 assists per game.



SCOTT PRUSSACK, 15, who competes for the Los Angeles Figure Skating Club, won the junior pairs title at the national championships in Colorado Springs. For the third consecutive year the Prussacks were the youngest pair team. They appeared for the first time in Providence in 1974 and were the first couple ever to successfully perform a throw double and in National Junior Pairs competition. In this year's championships they performed side-by-side double axels.

CRISIS

11—Tall Tires, 12—Judy Coots, 13—Judy Coots, 14—Georgia Lutz, 15—Bob Cline, 16—Scotty 34—Allyson Miller, 17—Richard J. Dancer 18

TATUM'S TURN

Sir:

Being a resident of North Carolina and a student at Marquette, I have had several opportunities to watch David Thompson and Earl Tatum in action. Marquette Coach Al McGuire has made some fancy statements in his day, but saying that Tatum is better than Thompson (*Watched Pot That Finally Boiled*, Feb. 2) takes the cake. Tatum has finally put together a string of more than a dozen well-played games while Thompson had a string that spanned an entire college career.

DICK HILLMAN

Milwaukee

Sir:

Marquette lost to North Carolina State 76-64 in the NCAA final on March 25, 1974. Where was "the black Jerry West" on that night as David Thompson pried the friendly skies of the Greensboro Coliseum for 21 points? How can Al McGuire even think of mentioning Tatum and Thompson in the same sentence?

GENE D. CARMACK II

Harvey, Ill.

Sir:

Earl Tatum has it together, as does Marquette. Al McGuire knows it and so do all Warner fans across the nation.

SCOT LADIE

Waukegan, Wis.

BULLISH IN CHICAGO

Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick's article (*Choice Seats at the Bull Ring*, Feb. 2) was almost too painful for a Chicago Bulls fan to read. He touched on every facet of a team for which only people who are a bit masochistic can continue to root—from the miserly ownership to the perpetually disgruntled players to Dick Motta, a coach with all the tact of Attila the Hun.

The saddest part of the entire Bulls story, though, is the shameful treatment accorded Chet Walker, a man who exudes class. If basketball fans never see Chet the Jet's magic again, they will remember his class. The Bulls would do well to remember it, too.

JIM EPSTEIN

Evanston, Ill.

Sir:

It is always a pleasure to read about such a happy and contented team as the Chicago Bulls. There is obviously nothing wrong with

the Bulls that a new coach, a new city and a new team would not cure.

DAVID R. CASPER

Hanover, N.H.

FOREMAN'S GUES

Sir:

Thank you for publishing the pictures of the Foreman-Lyle match (*Sweet Science*, *Indeed*, Feb. 2). This was by far the best fight since Ali-Frazier. Four knockdowns (two by each fighter, including the final knockout) is a lot more exciting than watching Ali doing his "rope a dope" act, clowning around and fighting opponents not even ranked.

TIM BURGESS

Keyser, W. Va.

Sir:

The photos of the Lyle-Foreman fight were great. But where was the article?

MICHAEL LYNCH

Madison, N.J.

Sir:

No, the fight "did not set boxing back 25 years." It was more like 50. The only thing that George Foreman proved by beating up Ron Lyle, and being beaten up by Lyle, was that he can be a punching bag and also use one. To call what happened in Las Vegas a boxing match would only disgrace boxing as a sport. To see one man corner another and beat him unmercifully, as Foreman did to Lyle, was sickening. (Perhaps more sickening was the fact that the referee never made a move to stop the brawl when it was evident that the only way Lyle could fall was for Foreman to stand back and let him.) It is surprising that SI deemed the event worthy of mention.

If Foreman is ever unlucky enough to fight Ali again, his one consolation may be the knowledge that Ali will ask the referee to stop the fight before it becomes a slaughter, as he has done in the past. George has paid his dues, but the championship doesn't come that cheap.

MARK B. STAUFER

Williamstown, W. Va.

LUGING PROPOSITION

Sir:

Thank you for the deeply touching article on our luge team and its coach (*Some Win and Some Lose*, Feb. 2). I am sorry that the pitiful financial state of the American luge team was not brought to the attention of the public earlier, while there was still time to do something about it. Even if there were

not time or adequate funding to build, for instance, an Olympic-caliber run, I'm sure we (the American people) would have pitched in enough to ensure that a man like Piotr Rogowski would be paid more than the insulting sum of \$3 a day.

J. BERNARD

Boulder, Colo.

SNARED RECORD

Sir:

Being a Michigan football fan, it is with much regret that I inform you that Lynn Swann did not set the record for consecutive bowl appearances (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 2). That honor goes to Archie Griffin and six of his teammates, who graduated (thank goodness) from Ohio State this year after appearing four straight years in the Rose Bowl.

GREGORY HARTDGE

Flint, Mich.

Sir:

I believe that with the advent of freshman eligibility a number of college football players may share the record for successive bowl appearances. Two who immediately come to mind are twin brothers Dave and Don Buckley of North Carolina State. They have appeared in four straight bowl games: the Peach in 1972 (Dave was MVP), the Liberty in 1973, the Astro-Bluebonnet in 1974 and the Peach again in 1975.

LESLIE A. FARFOLIS JR.

Shelby, N.C.

CULLING THE HERD

Sir:

Granted, the permit system of culling an overpopulation of 2,000 elk from the northern herd of Yellowstone Park (*Shooting Elk in a Barrel*, Feb. 2) removes some of the pure sport of hunting. Nonetheless, all sportsmen and wildlife management personnel should take exception to Russell Chatham's view: "But for all of this and the justification of the shooting as a means of culling the herd, one begins to wonder if nature's way, with its ruthless efficiency leading to only the strong surviving, might not be better."

We would only ask whether Chatham has ever witnessed the slow, agonizing starvation of 2,000 elk in the deep snows of winter. In the winter of 1974-75, 2,000 elk died in just that way because hunting the surplus was not permitted.

JACK SAMSON

Editor

Field & Stream

New York City

continued

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Yesterday

by GEORGE A. GIPE

GOT ANY IDEAS FOR NEW SPORTS? HERE ARE SOME BEAUTIES THAT NEVER MADE IT

We all know that games like baseball, basketball, soccer, football, ice hockey, golf and tennis became favorites in various parts of the world during the last half of the 19th century, solidified their positions early in the 20th and now have huge international followings. Those are the "winning" sports. But what of the losers? Was it some arcane process of natural selection or merely quirks of fate that prevented other games from becoming popular?

Take battle ball, for example. Besides having a catchy name, it was touted in 1895 as a sport capable of "quite replacing tennis as a competitive game." Its inventor, Dr. D. A. Sargent of Harvard, described battle ball as a combination of bowling, baseball, cricket, football, handball and tennis. The main advantage of battle ball was that it could be played by a large number of contestants in a small area. Anticipating that the game would catch on with women, Dr. Sargent also boasted that, despite its name, battle ball was a "dignified" sport, "antagonistic without allowing any opportunity for injury from personal contact or collision."

Played on a 50-by-25-foot court, battle ball could have as many as 20 players on a side. At each end of the court was a goal line on which sat three pairs of Indian clubs. Seven feet above the line was a cord stretched from posts at the corners. A leather ball weighing a hefty two pounds completed the equipment.

Apparently the object of the game was to prevent unemployment among CPAs. If, in throwing the ball over the opponent's goal, a player hit an Indian club, his team received five points. If the ball missed the pins as it rolled across the goal line, the player's side received 10 points. If the ball flew over the pins but under the cord, the team got three points. Finally, balls heaved over the cord cost the thrower's side one point and loss of ball. It was recommended that a referee be em-

ployed to call fouls, but apparently there was only one infraction for the official to watch for—stepping over the center line. That cost the errant player's team two points. "The entire separation of the opposing sides, excluding all roughness . . . make it more suitable than basketball for women," wrote *The New York Times*. Despite this recommendation, battle ball did not catch on, probably because the digital computer had not yet been invented.

A couple of years later a brief flurry of excitement greeted royal, a game designed for bicyclists. As described in *Carreer Literature* in 1897, royal appears to have been almost as complex as battle ball. The object—to drive a "play wheel" (a 4½-inch-wide pneumatic tire mounted on a 28-inch bicycle rim) through the opponent's goal while riding a bike—seems simple enough. But the playing area, called for a center alleyway of cables that, according to *Carreer Literature*, formed "two upright sides, between which the play wheel rolls, and is driven backwards or forwards by the riders. . . . Players ride in single file and always circle to the left. The two teams are constantly meeting and passing each other in opposite directions on opposite sides of the alleyway. The game requires much skill in riding, and is very exciting." Especially, no doubt, for the poor and undoubtedly dizzy soul charged with the task of picking up the play wheel every time it flopped on its side.

At least the 1901 innovation of Heeri Deutsch was simple. The premiere of that entrepreneur's new sport took place on a Sunday afternoon in September 1901 at Bayonne, France. The site was the local *plaza de toros*, where a capacity crowd of 6,000 gathered to watch the first combat between a bull and a motorized matador.

As Deutsch promised in his preflight advertising, the entrance of the *caballero de plaza*, Ledesma, was like none other in the history of bullfighting. Instead of arriving astride a horse, Ledesma waved to the crowd from the seat of a 12-hp Peugeot. Occasionally a word passed between the bullfighter and another man in the car. This was Chevrin; as Deutsch's chauffeur, he had been named to drive Ledesma into battle.

For a long moment the bull and Ledesma stared at each other. Then the Peugeot lurched forward. In response, the bull moved with great speed—away from

the car. In the succinct description of *The Times* of London the animal "turned tail and ran."

Maneuvering furiously, Chevrin followed the toro as closely as he dared, for he was concerned that the bull would suddenly turn and charge the light machine. But the animal obviously wanted nothing to do with it. When Chevrin turned one way, the bull turned another. It was a contest of agility alone as the car and the animal, trailed by a disorganized horde of picadors on horseback, swerved from one side of the arena to the other. Hoofbeats mingled with the roar of the engine as clouds of dust rolled up from the floor of the stadium. The crowd was neither stimulated nor amused. Deutsch presumably took the money and ran.

Rivalling this fiasco was a sport introduced at the Royal Aquarium in London during the summer of 1895. It was called "Angling for Humans," and was a series of contests pitting leading fishermen of the time against equally illustrious swimmers. In this test of skill and power, the rules called for the swimmers to attach themselves to fishing lines, dive into the water and "cleverly imitate salmon in their efforts to regain their freedom." At the other end of the lines were the fishermen, who were supposed to "land" their opponents. "The result," wrote one reporter, "was always entertaining and frequently very exciting, especially when the angler and the 'fish' were furly matched."

According to the London *Telegraph*, in the first contest a Mr. Hardy of Amwick used a seven-ounce trout line as he "employed three times to overcome Ives, a strong swimmer of 196 pounds weight, the latter on each occasion succeeding in breaking the line." Equally successful as a fish was a Miss Burnett, who for 20 furious minutes thwarted "Mr. Slater of Newark, who angled in the Nottinghamshire style, with a green-heart rod and a spinning undressed line." Not so fortunate was "Miss Sylvia of slaughter build" who "gave in to the angling of Mr. Ogden of Cheltenham in eight minutes."

These are just a few turn-of-the-century sports which did not pan out. But considering the rate at which television is promoting even sillier pastimes, it would not be surprising if one of them turned up between the Demolition Derby and the National Invitational Wrist Wrestling Championships on your screen next Saturday afternoon.

END

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18TH HOLE continued

Sir:

It is obvious that Russell Chatham misses the message regarding the culling of excess animals. He erroneously assumes that people consider this sport, when in actuality it is considered nothing more than humane harvesting.

JAMES C. BARACKMAN

Terrell, Texas

Sir:

Russell Chatham told it like it really is on the Gardner, Mont. special hunt, and the same also applies to the Gallatin special hunt at the northwest corner of Yellowstone Park. I wish he could have included it in his article, too.

I hunted in both of these "slaughters" a few times when I was too young to know better, and I regret having to admit it. At one time I watched better than 1,000 men march across Gardiner Flat slaughtering elk ahead of them, as though it would be the last elk each man would ever shoot. I've also seen men get into fights over a dead elk, and even take potshots at one another.

I lived in nearby Livingston for 23 years and I can assure you that everything that went on in these two hunts did not hit the newspapers. Watching those incidents, I have pretty much hung up my gun. It is like "shooting a cow."

DAN MARTIN

Loomis, Wash.

ALASKA SLED DOGS

Sir:

I enjoyed the story *Pull North to Nowe* (Jan. 19) by Coles Phinizy. However, on Jan. 27, tragedy struck. Nugget, the feature dog of the story and the winner of the 1974 and 1975 Iditarod races, was hit and killed by a car. She had apparently freed herself from her harness during a practice run and wandered off, leading to the accident.

RICHARD FOX

Anchorage, Alaska

• SI is sorry to report the death that same week of musher Bill Vaadrin, who was killed when his car hit a moose on the Anchorage-Fairbanks Highway.—ED.

Sir:

Pull North to Nowe was one of the best articles you have ever published. Coles Phinizy knows his subjects well: the husky, the people, the country. He draws a very real and vivid picture.

WALT WOODIN

Little Genesee, N.Y.

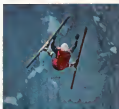
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before you hit the ground,
hit the silk!"**



**"Those treacherous winds
and the death-defying drop
down the mountain's sheer
granite face were enough
to make me as nervous as
a flea on a hot skillet."**

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**"P-o-o-o-off! My chute billowed
out. And none too soon.
Because I still had some tricky
maneuvering to do. Those
deadly downdrafts almost
collapsed my chute. But
a little body English luckily
prevented it...and it was
happy landings."**



**"Shari made doubly sure my
chute was secure. And triple-
checked my skis. Then schuss!
From my launching pod on the
frozen mesa. I was on the way
to my space walk. 4000 feet
over the Turner Glacier in the
Canadian Arctic."**



**"Later, we celebrated with
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